

F. L. Griggs, A.R.A.

DANEWAY HOUSE, NEAR SAPPERTON,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE, once occupied by
Ernest Gimson, furniture maker.

AN EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH TRADITIONAL BUILDING

"Just as the man who loves his native hills, can trace in his home landscapes significant outlines, and lights and shadows and patches of soft colouring that escape the stranger's eye, so in our national architecture we have beauties and suggestions that only the native-born Englishman can read or value rightly. To us, English architecture is an unmatched commodity. It is the sweetest, the noblest, the most lovely of all the arts of the world."

(Sedding)

(See page 50.)

CRAFTSMEN ALL

*Some Readings in Praise of Making
and Doing*

THE knife is in the meat, and the drink is in the
hörn, and there is revelry in Arthur's Hall,
and none may enter but the son of a privileged
country, or a craftsman bringing his craft.

THE MABINOGION.

DRYAD HANDICRAFTS
42 ST. NICHOLAS ST.
LEICESTER
1926

We ordain that each priest, beside study, learn a handicraft diligently.

FROM THE CANONS ENACTED
UNDER KING EDGAR 959-975.

PRINTED BY
THE BLACKFRIARS PRESS LTD.
ALBION ST., LEICESTER

PREFACE.

THIS little collection of stories and readings about the making of things was made to interest those who are working at crafts in the schools and at home, and to show them how some of the wonderful work of the past was carried out.

It is mostly about English men though the great stories of Aldus the printer, Cellini the metal worker, and some from the East have been included.

Modern education has taught us all about the arts of Greece and Rome and the Renaissance, but has too much ignored the arts and crafts of our own land. This neglect has caused us to lose faith in the craftsmen of our own times, so that we fill our houses with copies of old work, instead of encouraging modern artists and craftsmen.

There are still, in these days of the machine, people who love their work and take a pride in it for its own sake, no matter how humble their craft, and it is this spirit we must keep alive if we are to carry on the English tradition.

If this little book helps some to think about these things it will have served its purpose.

H.H.P.

Man should be prouder of having invented the hammer and nail than of having created masterpieces of imitation.

U.C.L.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We have to thank the publishers for helping us to obtain permission to re-print from the following authors :—

William Morris (Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Messrs. Longmans Green & Co., and the Trustees), H. Van Dyke (Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons), John Ruskin (Messrs. George Allen & Unwin), H. Wilson (Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons), F. W. Cornish (William Heinemann), John Horner (Messrs. McCaw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd.), Cook & Tinker (Messrs. Ginn & Co.), The Earl of Crawford (Manchester University Press), G. G. Coulton (Cambridge University Press), Laurence Binyon (Messrs. Edward Arnold & Messrs. Elkin Matthews), Thos. Okey (Messrs. Isaac Pitman & Sons), F. Soddy (John Murray), W. J. Sedgefield (Oxford University Press), H. Sweet (Early English Text Society), W. R. Lethaby (Messrs. Duckworth & Co., Messrs. Williams & Norgate, and the Editor of "Home and Country"), I. F. Grant (the "Times" and the "Town Crier"), George Clausen, R.A. (the Editor of "Education").

L'humanité refait son âme plus avec ses mains qu'avec sa pensée.

PIERRE HAMP.

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ERRATA.

We must apologise for omitting to acknowledge Messrs. Chatto & Windus as publishers of R. L. Stevenson's "An Inland Voyage," a passage from which appears on page 128.

Plate IV. (facing page 32). The numbers (referred to in the caption) have been omitted from the plate. They should be in this order:—
3
1 2

Page 20 (at foot), for *Joseph* read *Arthur W.*

Page 85, for *Thompson* read *Tompion*.

THE three beneficent artisans of the isle of Britain :
Corvinwr, who first made a ship, mast and helm, for the
nation of the Cymry ; Morddal, the Mason who first taught
the nation of the Cymry how to work with stone and lime,
at the time when Alexander was extending his conquests
over the world ; and Coel, who first made a mill with
wheels for the nation of the Cymry. And they were Bards.

Triad 91, Series III.

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W O R K A N D L I F E

I AM weary of doing and dating
The day with the thing to be done,
This painful self translating
To a language not my own.

Give me to fashion a thing ;
Give me to shape and to mould ;
I have found out the song I can sing,
I am happy, delivered, and bold.

LAURENCE BINYON : *The Secret :*
Sixty Poems (Elkin Matthews).

CRAFTSMEN ALL

A KING'S TASK

BEHOLD, Reason, thou knowest that covetousness and the glory of earthly power were never pleasing to me, nor did I at all desire this earthly authority; but I wished tools and material for the work which was enjoined on me to do; that was virtuously and fittingly to wield and exercise the power which was entrusted to me. Now thou knowest that no man can manifest any skill, nor exercise or wield any power, without tools or material; that is, the material of each craft, without which it cannot be exercised. The material of the king, and the tools with which to rule, are a well-peopled land; he ought to have men for prayer, men for war and men for labour. Lo, thou knowest that without these tools no king can manifest his skill. This also is his material—to have, in addition to these tools, provision for these three classes. Now their provision is this: land to dwell in, and gifts, and weapons, and meat, and ale, and raiment, and whatsoever these three classes require. . . . Therefore I desired material with which to exercise power, that my skill and power should not be forgotten and lost sight of. For every kind of skill and power quickly grows old and is passed over in silence, if it is devoid of wisdom; because no one can manifest any skill without wisdom, since whatsoever is done foolishly can never be accounted as skill. Now to speak more briefly, this it is that I have desired—to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to the men who should follow me my memory in good deeds.

From King Alfred's version of Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy." COOK & TINKER: *Select Translations from O. E. Prose* (Ginn & Co.)

A BISHOP'S DAILY WORK: (circa 950)

HANDICRAFTS are also befitting him, that crafts may be cultivated in his household in order that no one too idle may dwell there. . . .

Ancient Laws and Institutes of England (B. Thorpe 1810)

WORK AND LIFE

ARTIFICERS IN A MONASTERY

IF there are artificers in a monastery, they are to ply their arts with all humility and reverence, if so the abbot allow. But if any of them grows vain on account of his knowledge of the art, as if he were conferring a benefit upon the monastery, he shall be removed from the practice of his art, and shall not again resume it unless he humble himself, and again receive a command to that effect from the abbot. If anything made by the artisans is to be sold, let them look well to it that those through whose hands the articles pass commit no fraud upon the monastery. Let them be mindful of Ananias and Sapphira, lest the death which these suffered in their bodies, they, and all who practise deception with reference to the goods of the monastery, should experience in their souls. Let not the evil of avarice creep into the price for which articles are sold, but on the contrary let the price be always a little lower than that charged by secular persons, that in all things God may be glorified.

From an old English version of "The Benedictine Rule" (Sixth Century). COOK & TINKER. *Select Translations from O. Li. Pose* (Ginn & Co.).

FAIRS

IN the Middle Ages, fairs must have been most interesting centres for the exchange and sale of goods, and the work we now expect to be made by artists and so-called art workers was offered for sale along with the other goods of the day as we see by an old statute (3 Henry VII., cap. 9, 10), which says that—

"There be many fairs for the commonweal of your said liege people as at Salisbury, Bristol, Oxford, Cambridge, Nottingham, Ely, Coventry, and at many other places where lords, spiritual and temporal, abbots, priors, knights, squires, gentlemen, and your said commons of every country, hath their common resort to buy and purvey many things that be good and profitable. as ornaments of hol-

Church, chalices, books, vestments, and other ornaments for holy Church aforesaid, and also for household, as victual for the time of Lent, and other stuff, as linen cloth, woollen cloth, brass, pewter, bedding, osmond, iron, flax and wax, and many other necessary things, the which might not be forborne among your said liege people."

(Cooper's *Annals*, i. 233.)

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VIEW OF THE VALUE OF HANDWORK

IN general the name "Art" can be given to any system of knowledge that can be reduced to positive rules, invariable and independent of caprice or opinion, and in this sense it can be said that certain of our sciences are arts, looked at from their practical side. But as there are rules for the operations of the mind and the soul, so are there also for the operations of the body; that is to say, for those operations which, limited to exterior objects, are worked solely by the force of the arm. Hence the distinction of liberal arts (fine arts) and mechanical arts (crafts), and the superiority accorded to the former over the latter. This superiority is, doubtless, unjust in many respects. Nevertheless among prejudices, however ridiculous they may be, there is none that has not its reason or to speak more exactly, its origin; and philosophy, often powerless to correct abuses, can at least unravel their source. . . .

(Here follows an explanation of the origin of the prejudice. The writer argues that as society has created a conventional inequality in which physical force has no place, so human nature, ever striving against society has created an intellectual inequality.)

. . . In regard to intellectual attainments, these have been the property of those who believed themselves in this matter, to be nature's most favoured children. However, the advantage that the liberal arts possess over the mechanical arts through the exercise of the intellect and difficulty of making progress in the former, is sufficiently compensated

by the greatly superior utility which for the most part the latter produce. It is this same utility which has reduced them to merely mechanical operations to facilitate their execution by a greater number of mankind. But society, justly respecting its great and enlightening geniuses, ought not to debase the hands that serve it. The discovery of the compass is not less advantageous to the human race than the explanation of the properties of this needle would be to science. Finally, in considering in itself the principle of the distinction of which we speak, how many so-called learned men are there whose attainments are nothing more than mechanical, and what real difference is there between a head full of orderless, useless and disconnected facts, and the instinct of a craftsman for mechanical work?

The contempt in which the mechanical arts are held appears to have influenced to some degree even their inventors. The names of these benefactors of the human race are almost unknown, while the history of its destructors that is to say, of conquerors, is known to everyone. However, it is perhaps among the craftsmen that we must look for the most admirable proof of the sagacity of the mind, of its patience and resources. I admit that the greater number of the arts have only been invented little by little; and a long period has been forced to elapse for watches, for example, to reach the point of perfection at which we see them. But is it not the same with science? How many discoveries that have immortalised their authors, have been prepared for through the work of preceding centuries—often brought to such a point of maturity that there was only one step left to be performed? And to keep to watchmaking, why are not those to whom we owe the spindle of a watch, the escapement wheel and the tick, as highly thought of as those who have spent their lives in bringing algebra to perfection?

From the Preface to the great French Encyclopedia of the Sciences, the Arts and the Crafts (Paris 1750, etc.).
D'ALEMBERT: *Discours Préliminaire des Editeurs.*

THE SILENT CRAFTSMAN

WE have questioned the most capable craftsmen of Paris and the kingdom ; we have taken the trouble to go into their workshops, to enquire of them concerning the terms used in their crafts . . . and (indispensable precaution) to rectify by frequent interviews with others, what some had before told us incorrectly, imperfectly, often obscurely. There are craftsmen who are at the same time men of letters and we could cite some ; but the number is very small. The greater number have only taken up the profession from necessity and work by instinct. . . . We are convinced of the ignorance of the general public in regard to the ordinary objects of everyday life, and of the difficulty of escaping from this ignorance. Thus we are in a position to show that the man of letters who is most concerned with developing language, does not know a twentieth part of the words ; . . . that it is in conversation that the workmen understand one another and particularly in exigencies of the moment constantly recurring rather than through the use of terms. In a workshop it is the situation that is eloquent, not the craftsmen.

From the Preface to the great French Encyclopædia of the Sciences, the Arts and the Crafts (Paris 1750, etc.). D'ALEMBERT : *Discours Préliminaire des Editeurs*.

POVERTY AND LABOUR

THE great corrective of the insolence of riches is to be found in tracing them back to their source ; that is to say, *to the labour of the poor*. This is the source of all riches ; for, if the labourer received, at all times, the full value of his labour, no profit could arise from it to any other person. All the profit would remain with himself, and no one would be puffed up into riches. It is not contended that this ought to be ; because the order of the world requires that there should be motives to exertion ; and these motives are

WORK AND LIFE

the hope of riches and the fear of poverty. But a state of things may arise when men are not content with moderate riches ; and this may lead to oppressions which may in time destroy the fear of poverty, which may in short make the labourer worse than a bondman ; make him a slave ; make him the property of his employer ; hang the lash over his back and deprive him of all fear but of that. Unhappy, indeed, is a people reduced to a state like this. The name of *poor* is in such a case hardly applicable ; and, indeed, the word poor does not belong, in reason, to the labourer. The state of the labourer is merely one of the links in the chain of society ; it is one of the ranks of society ; and, rightly viewed, it is by no means the lowest. All property has its origin in labour. Labour itself is property ; the root of all other property ; and unhappy is that community where labourer and poor man are synonymous terms. . . . In order to disguise from ourselves our own meanness, ingratitude and cruelty, we put the thing on a different footing ; we consider labour as an article of *merchandise* and then proceed upon the maxim that we have a right to purchase as cheap as we can. This maxim, even supposing the idea of merchandise to be correct, is not so sound as habit, and very vicious habit, makes us regard it to be. We are not justified, upon any principle of morality, to give less for anything than we ourselves believe the thing to be worth, because this is not doing as we would be done unto. The comparison, therefore, is of little avail ; and besides, a worse example than that of the merchant could not easily be referred to.

"He is a *Merchant*," says the Prophet Hosea, "the balances of deceit are in his hand ; he loveth to oppress." No wonder that those who wish to enrich themselves by the means of unjust profits drawn from labour should put themselves upon the footing of the Merchant. But labour is not merchandise, except, indeed, it be the labour of a slave. It is altogether personal. It is inseparable from the body of

the labourer ; and cannot be considered as an article to be cheapened, without any regard being had to the well-being of the person who has to perform it. The labourer, if you persist in treating his labour as a commodity for which you have a right to give the smallest quantity of food in return, has his rights, too ; his rights of nature ; his right to a sufficiency of food and of raiment ; or else his right to employ his strength and ingenuity to obtain them without reference to the laws passed for the appropriation of the property created by labour.

Cobbett's Sermons : On the Rights of the Poor, 1821. (Oxford Press.)

WORKMEN

I ALWAYS felt that the most advantageous condition that a man can be placed in is the original standing of a workman, with such means of intelligent cultivation as may open to him the life of *art*; to be one of the hard-handed order privileged to know the realities of practical life ; while also a man of culture and a poet.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Let a man forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed chance which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The "evil" principle deprecated in that religion of chance is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Silas Marner*.

Every rise in the quality of the work men do is followed, swiftly and inevitably, by a rise in the quality of the men who do it.

L. P. JACKS.

WORK AND LIFE

HAPPY

THE only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness—it is all abolished; vanished, clean gone; a thing that has been; "not of the slightest consequence" whether we were happy as eueptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart; as the unmusical meat-jack with hard labour and rust! But our work—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains; for endless times and eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us forever more! Brief brawling day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper crowns, tinsel-gilt, is gone; and divine everlasting night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast thou done, and how? Happiness, unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustaining thyself hitherward; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten: and now thy work where is thy work? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work!

THOMAS CARLYLE: *Past and Present*.

THE TEACHING OF JOHN RUSKIN

FOR the lesson which Ruskin here teaches us, is that art is the expression of man's pleasure in labour; that it is possible for man to rejoice in his work, for, strange as it may seem to us to-day, there have been times when ~~he~~ did rejoice in it; and lastly, that unless man's work once again

becomes a pleasure to him, the token of which change will be that beauty is once again a natural and necessary accompaniment of productive labour, all but the worthless must toil in pain, and therefore live in pain! So that the result of the thousands of years of man's effort on the earth must be general unhappiness and universal degradation—unhappiness and degradation, the conscious burden of which will grow in proportion to the growth of man's intelligence, knowledge, and power over material nature. If this be true, as I for one most firmly believe, it follows that the hallowing of labour by art is the one aim for us at the present day. If politics are to be anything else than an empty game, more exciting but less innocent than those which are confessedly games of skill or chance, it is toward this goal of the happiness of labour that they must make. Science has in these latter days made such stupendous strides, and is attended by such a crowd of votaries, many of whom are doubtless single-hearted, and worship in her not the purse of riches and power, but the casket of knowledge, that she seems to need no more than a little humility to temper the insolence of her triumph, which has taught us everything except how to be happy. Man has gained mechanical victory over nature, which in time to come he may be able to enjoy, instead of starving amidst of it. In those days science also may be happy; yet not before the second birth of art, accompanied by the happiness of labour, has given her rest from the toil of dragging the car of commerce. Lastly, it may well be that the human race will never cease striving to solve the problem of the reason for its own existence; yet it seems to me that it may do this in a calmer and more satisfactory mood when it has not to ask the question, Why were we born to be so miserable? but rather, Why were we born to be so happy? At least it may be said that there is time enough for us to deal with this problem, and that it need not engross the best energies of mankind, when there is so much to do elsewhere.

BUT for this aim of at last gaining happiness through our daily and necessary labour, the time is short enough, the need too urgent, that we may well wonder that those who groan under the burden of unhappiness can think of anything else ; and we may well admire and love the man who here called the attention of English-speaking people to this momentous subject, and that with such directness and clearness of insight, that his words could not be disregarded. I know, indeed, that Ruskin is not the first man who has put forward the possibility and the urgent necessity that men should take pleasure in labour, for Robert Owen showed how, by companionship and goodwill, labour might be made at least endurable ; and in France Charles Fourier dealt with the subject at great length, and the whole of his elaborate system for the reconstruction of society is founded on the certain hope of gaining pleasure in labour. But in their times neither Owen nor Fourier could possibly have found the key to the problem with which Ruskin was provided. Fourier depends not on art for the motive power of the realisation of pleasure in labour, but on incitements, which, though they would not be lacking in any decent state of society, are rather incidental than essential parts of pleasurable work ; and on reasonable arrangements, which would certainly lighten the burden of labour, but would not procure for it the element of sensuous pleasure, which is the essence of all true art. Nevertheless, it must be said that Fourier and Ruskin were touched by the same instinct, and it is instructive and hopeful to note how they arrived at the same point by such very different roads.

From William Morris' Preface to Ruskin's *The Nature of Gothic* (George Allen & Unwin, 1905).

PLEASURE AND HEALTH IN WORK.

THE pleasure which ought to go with the making of every piece of handicraft, has for its basis the keen interest which every healthy man takes in healthy life, and is compounded chiefly of three elements: variety, hope of creation, and the self-respect which comes of a sense of usefulness, to which must be added that mysterious bodily pleasure which goes with the deft exercise of bodily powers.

WILLIAM MORRIS: *Architecture, Industry and Wealth*
(Longmans, Green). By permission of the Trustees.

CIVIC PRIDE.

IN Athens the whole nation co-operated with its artists, and Aristotle tells us that from his youth up every free citizen was a critic of art.

There thus arose that civic pride which made the citizens of Knidos pay a heavy tribute rather than give up their statue of Aphrodite, and this pride upheld the great mediæval cities.

To the fostering of this spirit we must bend our energies and then when we workmen demand freedom and then control we will be justified.

A carpenter's shop is the central point of our professed religion, and society must once again recognise the value of those who, in the words of Solomon, "maintain the fabric of the world."

"So is every artificer and workmaster that passeth his time by night as by day: they that cut gravings of signets, and his diligence is to make great variety, he will set his heart to preserve likeness in his portraiture, and will be wakeful to finish his work. So is the smith sitting by the anvil and considering the unwrought iron: the vapour of the fire will waste his flesh, and in the heat of the furnace will he wrestle with his work; the noise of the hammer will be ever in his ear, and his eyes are upon the pattern of the vessel: he will set his heart upon perfecting his works, and

he will be waketul to adorn them perfectly. So is the potter sitting at his work, and turning his wheel about with his feet, who is always set anxiously at his work, and all his handiwork is by number : he will fashion the clay with his firm and will bend its strength in front of his feet : he will apply his heart to finish the glazing, and he will be wakeful to make clean the furnace. All these put their trust in their hands : and each becometh wise in his own work. Without these shall no city be inhabited, and men shall not sojourn nor walk up and down therein. They shall not be sought for in the council of the people and in the assembly they shall not mount on high : they shall not sit in the seat of the judge, and they shall not understand the covenant of judgment : neither shall they declare instruction and judgment, and where parables are they shall not be found. But they will maintain the fabric of the world and in the handiwork of their craft is their prayer."—Ecclesiasticus : xxxviii., 27-34.

ALEC MILLAR : *The Craftsman—his education and his place in industry*. (Report of the Conference of New Ideals in Education, 1929.)

MY WORK.

LET me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room ;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray :
"This is my work ; my blessing, not my doom ;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers ;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest
Because I know for me my work is best.

The Poems of Henry Van Dyke (copyright,
1920, by Charles Scribner's Sons).

THE CRAFTSMEN OF ENGLAND.

WE have prized the great art of England too lightly. The Reformation and Puritanism did their best to destroy it, but what is left is a heritage of which a great nation can be truly proud. It was an art of the people done by the ordinary craftsmen and their apprentices who did not talk of fine art or sculpture or architecture, but were carvers, marblers, coppersmiths, master masons, scribes and glass-makers, and their names often only occur as items for the payment of money in the accounts.

"He was Richard who me wrought

And me to grace with joy he brought."

is carved on a twelfth century font in Cumberland. That is all we know of him. These men kept alive a real English tradition of the working craftsman till the end of the eighteenth century, as one can see in almost any village by its gravestones or church monuments. Then came in the Art with a big A, technical twaddle, and the factory system and the designer who did not make things but only drew them, and he frightened the craftsman by telling him that art was a mystery that required inspiration.

We have learnt all about Praxiteles, Scopas, Michael Angelo, etc., and appreciation of classical art, but have forgotten and ignored Thomas Prentys and William Sutton, *carvers* (carvers) of Chellaston near Derby who carved the beautiful monuments like one sees at Lowick, Ewelme, and in the churches and museums abroad, for Europe came to the Midlands for its alabaster work from the thirteenth to fifteenth centuries. What has Greek art more beautiful in its simplicity or monumental nobility than the thirteenth century carvings of angels in the transept at Westminster.

Wren caused to be inscribed upon his tomb in St. Paul's *si monumentum requiris, circumspice* (If you seek for my monument, look around you). Can we not say the same of the art and architecture of England? Look around you, your old village churches, your old manor houses, villages,

county towns, where, tucked away in corners are beauties you little dream of, a beautiful church, a window, a tomb, a slate headstone, a carved seat, even the lead spout head, a bit of wrought or cast iron, left by those unknown workers in a great tradition, the craftsmen of England. H.H.P.

ART EDUCATION.

IF you want wallpaper, you get a book from the man round the corner. That book is full of patterns, and you would think that each pattern should be a dream of delight : but you do not want them. Why should they ever be made? All this seems to me to have come through lack of understanding that fitness is the road to beauty, and through thinking that art is something that is an embellishment that may be learned from one or two books, and this can be put at will on this, that, or the other thing. We may be thankful that this view is dying out and that the matter is better understood by the younger men : largely owing to the teaching of William Morris and, I think, largely also to the reorganisation of the Royal College of Art in the last fifteen years, with Professor Lethaby as design professor. A good many of you have been under Lethaby. I know a good many fellows who have been through the college, and whenever I say to any of them, "Who is the man from whom you learned most?" they always say, "Lethaby was the man who influenced me most." It was not that Lethaby showed you how to do anything. He just taught you how to think about the thing, and that is really the difference, as it seems to me, between bad teaching and good teaching. What you have to do is to recognise that it is not a mere matter of receipts, but that it is an attitude of mind towards everything, and that the simplest thing, if it fills its purpose, is the right thing, and the beautiful thing."

GEORGE CLAUSEN, R.A.: *Some Aspects of Art Education* (an Address given to a Society of Art Teachers and Students).

CRAFTWORK AND ART.

AN Arts and Crafts Society was founded in London, about thirty years ago, by William Morris, Walter Crane and others, to endeavour to show that art was more than picture painting, and that it should properly mean all hand-work done with interest and care for quality. Art is competent and worthy work. Beauty is not some strange phenomena only to be attained by a genius in a dream, it is present in its due degree in all happy and skilful craftsmanship; beauty is the evidence of the workers' triumph over mere brute labour. Discipline, as the Scouts and Guides show, and as athletes have all along known, may be turned into joy by welcoming it. Work, which may be transformed by discipline and touched by beauty, is the most primary and universal means of human expression; it is not a burden and a curse but rather one of the greatest things of life. Further, "design" is not some strange contortion of a useful thing into a freak, it is, properly, the arranging how reasonable work may be rightly done. The faculty for design has been allowed to fall into disuse and decay under the supposition that it is a special "gift" only to be exercised by a sort of "inspiration." Few people like to claim inspiration, so designing has tended to fall into the hands of a little band of "experts." Everyone really has the designing—the contriving and experimenting—instinct, and driven in our days out of work (sad unemployment!) it has found refuge in games. Our delight in games largely depends on the fact that we may in them freely experiment and make variations. All designing is properly much of a game of skill, and games themselves are an inversion of the work instincts.

W. R. LETHABY.

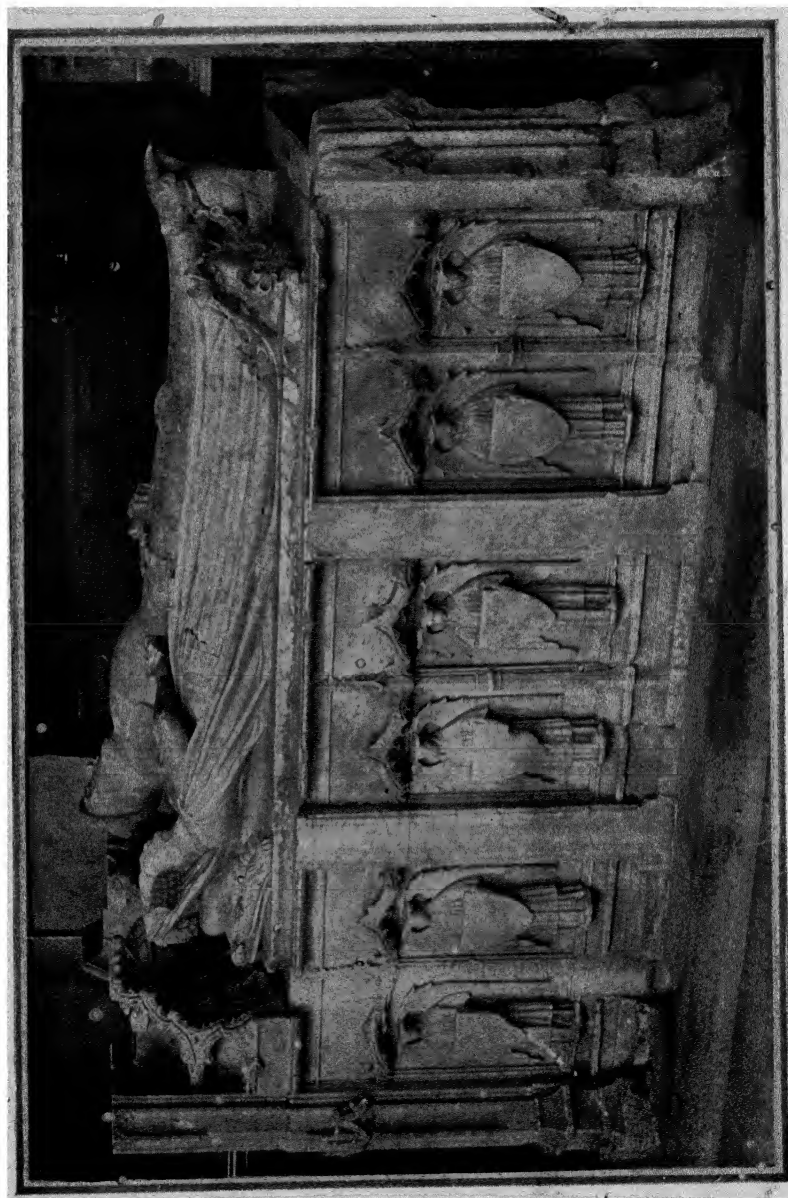


PLATE III.

ALABASTER TOMB of Ralf Greene and his wife, Katherine, in Lowick Church, Northamptonshire. The recumbent effigies were originally surmounted by a canopy, the whole tomb being the work of Thomas Prentys and William Sutton, of Chellaston, Derbyshire. It was carved in the years 1419-20.

DESIGNING AS A GAME.

MOST generally "design" may be understood to mean arranging how work is to be done. Of course some work—like organ-building and watchmaking for example—is very technical, and can only be arranged or designed by people who are highly trained in the special craft. In many other customary things, however, like laying the breakfast table, making a pudding or trimming a hat, the design is thrown in with the work and nobody says anything about it. All work or "art" design arose like that, the designing was done by the workers in going along. So it is with a few things even to-day when so much designing has been isolated into special businesses. The country waggon builder and gate-maker do not want a fussy architect from London to tell them how to do their own work, and they do it so well that they would modestly smile a denial if I tried to tell them what fine designers I think them to be—the real thing in fact.

The arranging or designing part in all kinds of work must be a delightful exercise of skill to all who know the rules. We see it at once of the angler for example, but it must be equally possible to the ploughman and rick-thatcher. Besides the arranging how structural work is to be done there is a large amount of designing of a general and ornamental kind, like the lay-out of a garden, the finishing of a dress and the invention of patterns. This kind of designing should be a game for everybody for it applies to all kinds of work whatever.

I may describe pattern design as the arranging of spots, spaces, lines and other simple elements in an orderly way. Even that looks frightening in print, but I mean something which is very easy; in fact more than easy, delightful, a game. I spoke above of laying the breakfast table as involving design—nicely done it may stand as an example of a spot pattern; patchwork quilts—nice old things—are

examples of space patterns, ~~nothing~~-~~nothing~~ in sewing is a line pattern. . . .

. . . . It does not require genius or any special gifts, it only needs practice like any other game. I believe all young people should be led through some such course as here suggested for it introduces in a simple way the idea of experiment, exploration and seeing what can be done under certain conditions. Every pattern found out in this way is a little invention.

W. R. LETHABY: *Home and Country Arts*
(Nat. Federation of Women's Institutes,
26 Eccleston St., London, S.W.1).

THE REAL ARTISTS OF TO-DAY.

SO to-day when the services of engineers are in urgent request, our engineers are as capable and resourceful as the builders of our old cathedrals. But no sane interpretation of the beauty of the world is sought from artists—only tricks of style and trivial felicities. So that while our engineers construct a Forth bridge or an Assouan dam we are content to get from our architects make-believe Gothic or Renaissance, and from our painters and draughtsmen amusing pastiches of Persian drawings, Japanese prints, Byzantine mosaics. Interesting enough such essays are; but is it not a pity that so many people should be satisfied with this masquerading spirit? Is it not time that some of this mummery were swept away and that our democracy should, like the aristocracies of old, require of its creative children an illuminating beauty to give a noble form to its own ideals of justice and order? Indeed, signs are not wanting that artists themselves are beginning to tire of make-believe buildings and sculpture, make-believe painting and craftsmanship, and are eager to be employed on tasks that will make full demands on their powers, their insight into life, and on the resources of their craft.

WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN: *A plea for a wider use of Artists and Craftsmen* (a lecture delivered at the Sheffield School of Art, 8th November, 1916).

WORK AND LIFE

WHAT I BELIEVE

- (1) Life is best thought of as service.
- (2) Service is, first of all and of greatest necessity, common productive work.
- (3) The best way to think of labour is as art. 'This was Ruskin's and Morris's great invention. By welcoming it and thinking of it as art, the slavery of labour may be turned into joy.
- (4) Art is best thought of as fine and sound ordinary work. So understood it is the widest, best and most necessary form of culture.
- (5) Culture should be thought of not only as book-learning and manners, but as a tempered human spirit. A shepherd, ship-skipper, or carpenter enjoys a different culture from that of the book-scholar, but it is none the less a true culture.

*Address to William Richard Leithaby with
his reply, 18th January, 1922 (Oxford Press).*

LITTLEHOLME.

For J.S. and A.W.S.

IN entering the town, where the bright river
Shrinks in its white stone bed, old thoughts return
Of how a quiet queen was nurtured here
In the pale, shadowed ruin on the height ;
Of how, when the hoar town was new and clean
And had not grown a part of the gaunt felks
That peered down into it, the burghers wove
On their small fireside looms green famous webs
To cling on lissome tower-dwelling ladies
Who rode the hills swaying like green saplings,
Or mask tall, hardy outlaws from pursuit
Down beechen caverns and green under-lights.
(The rude, vain looms are gone, their beams are broken;

CRAFTSMEN ALL

Their webs are now not seen, but memory
 Still tangles in their mesh the dews they swept
 Like ruby sparks, the lights they took, the scents
 They held, the movement of their shapes and shades);
 Of how the border burners in cold dawns
 Of summer hurried north up the high vales
 Past smoking farmsteads that had lit the night
 And surf of crowding cattle; and of how
 A laughing prince of cursed, impossible hopes
 Rode through the little streets northward to battle
 And to defeat, to be a fading thought,
 Belated in dead mountains of romance.

A carver * at his bench in a high gable
 Hears the sharp stream close under, far below,
 Tinkle, and chatter, and no other sound
 Arises there to him to change his thoughts
 Of the changed, silent town and the dead hands
 That made it and maintained it, and the need
 For handiwork and happy work and work
 To use and ease the mind if such sweet towns
 Are to be built again or live again.
 The long town ends at Littleholme, where the road
 Creeps up the hills of ancient-looking stone.
 Under the hanging caves at Littleholme
 A latticed casement peeps above still gardens
 Into a crown of druid-solemn trees
 Upon a knoll as high as a small house,
 A shapely mound made so by nameless men
 Whose smoothing touch yet shows through the green
 hide.

When the slow moonlight drips from leaf to leaf
 Of that sharp plumy gloom, and the hour comes
 When something seems awaited though unknown,
 There should appear between those leaf-thatched piles

* The carver was Joseph Simpson, who made good furniture at Kendal for many years

WORK AND LIFE

Fresh long-limbed women striding easily
And men whose hair-plaits swing with their shagged arms,
Returning in that equal, echoed light
Which does not measure time to the dear garths
That were their own when from white Norway coasts
They landed on a kind, not distant shore,
And to the place where they have left their clothing,
Their long-accustomed bones and hair and beds
That once were pleasant to them, in that barrow
Their vanished children heaped above them dead :
For in the soundless stillness of hot noon
The mind of man, noticeable in that knoll,
Enhances its dark presence with a life
More vivid and more actual than the life
Of self-sown trees and untouched earth. It is seen
What aspect this land had in those first eyes ;
In that regard the works of later men
Fall in and sink like lime when it is slaked,
Staid youthful queen and weavers are unborn,
And the new crags the Northmen saw are set
About an earth that has not been misused.

GORDON BOTTOMLEY : *Poems of
thirty years* (Constable, 1925).



BASKET MAKING AND POTTERY

I CAN rand at your command,
Put on a decent border ;
Upset tight, wale alright
And keep my stakes in order.
Old Basketmaker's Rhyme.

BASKET-MAKING.

BASKET-MAKING is the most primitive of the arts. In neolithic times, as surviving tribes of American Indians prove, the basket-maker met the chief requirements of daily life. With no other tools than a sharp flint and a pointed bone, the various materials to hand—rush, willow, sedge, grass, bark, fibre, roots—were prepared and wrought with the aid of teeth and hands, by early man, and especially by early woman, into utensils of daily use. From the cradle wherein the papoose was rocked to sleep in a home which was a great thatched basket, to the coffin wherein the brave, his warfare over, was laid to rest in mother earth's bosom the art of the basket maker was the chief domestic industry. The toys of primitive man were of basket work; he ate from a flat basket and drank from a round one; the grain which he fed on was winnowed and ground in a basket; his fish and game were trapped in baskets; his water was fetched and heated, and his food cooked, in a basket; he rattled his bone dice in a basket; his canoe was a basket, and when he wandered he carried his belongings in a basket. Until the advent of the white man, the American Indian had no other vessels, and the number and excellence of her baskets—often of most exquisite form and decoration—were the measure of the squaw's status in her tribe.

Nor have methods changed appreciably since historic times. The baskets made to-day by Nubian women at Wady Halfa are exactly matched by representations of baskets on Egyptian Pyramids, and baskets found in Egyptian tombs are constructed with exactly the same strokes as we use in European workshops to-day—fitch and pair, plait and track, rand and slew. When travelling in Galicia a few years ago the writer saw in general use among Spanish peasants primitive ox-wains with basket bodies, live axles and solid wheels such as are carved on Hadrian's Column at Rome.

Basket work has been the begetter of all the textile arts ; the basket mould was used by the potter before the invention of the potter's wheel and the earlier designs in ceramic ware and in architecture are derived from basket originals. The venerable antiquity of the art in this country is emphasised by the old English words which survive in its quaint and expressive terminology. The Chaucerian "wad" meaning a bundle, is used by the basket maker to-day in exactly the same sense as it was used by the father of English poetry ; the word "bodkin" is used, not in the modern sense, but in the Shakespearean sense of a sharp piercing instrument. The terms, "Luke, Threepenny, Middleboro," and similar curious appellations, even the very word "basket" itself, whose etymology is unknown, all point to the great antiquity of the art.

THOMAS OKEY : *The Art of Basket Making* (Pitman).

TWO PETITIONS

A PETITION CONCERNING THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE
BASKETMAKERS' COMPANY IN 1569.

ROWE, MAYOR, 22 September, 11 Elizabeth.

THIS day it is agreed that the book of the incorporation of Basket-makers in sort as now it is shall pass under such ordinances and conditions as are therein contained and agreed the same to be entered as follows :—

To the right honourable Sir Thomas Rowe Knight, Lord Mayor of the City of London and to the right worshipful brethren the aldermen of the same.

Most humbly beseech your good Lordship your daily Orators A. B. C. D. etc., Basketmakers of the City of London the Queen's Majesty's natural loving and obedient Subject, born within this her highness's Realm of England. That where as well your said Orators as divers other Strangers and Aliens born out of this Realm have not only within this honourable City, but also in diverse other places

CRAFTSMEN ALL

of this Realm of long time used the occupation and Craft of Basketmaking. And forasmuch as before this time no lawe nor good orders have been had or devised for good wares or stuff to be had and made in the same craft and occupation, nor yet any provision or punishment have been devised to meet with deceit except in of late, both in sleight making of the said wares as well in this City as in the Country. And in evil and unseasonable stuff wherewithal the same wares have been made, the utter ruin and decay of good workmanship in the same Craft hath thereby ensued and is daily more and more like to ensue and follow unless speedy remedy therefore might be had and provided. Your said poor beseechers therefore much lamenting the same and willing as much as in them lies the redress thereof, not knowing of themselves how to do the same without the aid and help of your good Lordship and Masterships, have lately been most humble Suitors to this Honourable Court for the amendment of those evils and mischiefs. In avoiding whereof it hath pleased the same upon the humble suite of your said Orators to grant not only that divers of your said Orators using the said Craft and Occupation within this City being already free of other Companies of the same, but also diverse others of them being not free of the said City using notwithstanding the same craft and occupation of Basketmaking within the said City and Liberties thereof, should be transferred and made free all of one Craft Company and fellowship called the Basketmakers of the City of London to the end that by some good rules and orders to be had and devised by this honourable Court to be observed and kept among them in the same Craft and Company better wares and stuff hereafter might be had and made for the service of the Queen's highness' subjects within this honourable City, and so consequently be the good example thereof in other places of the Realm. May it therefore please your said Lordship and Masterships for the amendment of those enormities and for the better service of the

BASKET-MAKING AND POTTERY.

Common Weal in that behalf and for the more better good rule and government hereafter to be had in the same craft and occupation, to grant and establish these Articles underwritten in the same Company to be firmly observed and kept for ever upon the pains in the same Articles comprised. And your said Beseechers according to their most bounden Duties shall daily pray to Almighty God for the Long Continuance of your said Lordship and Masterships in honour and worship.

2 AN APPLICATION MADE TO CHARLES II. IN 1683
THAT THE COMPANY BE MADE A CORPORATION AND RECEIVE
A CHARTER.

Some reasons humbly offered that it is for his Majesty's service to incorporate the fellowship of Basketmakers London upon his Majesty's reference and Mr. Attorney General's Report thereunto.

1. Mr. Attorney General Reports that the fellowship cannot so well put in operation their By-Laws for regulation of the said profession as if they were incorporated And such Regulation is necessary to be had for the public good.

2. To avoid any prejudice that may hereafter be done by the said Corporation to his Majesty's Prerogative or to the public, in Mr. Attorney's Report there is provision made that a clause be inserted in the Patent That it shall be in his Majesty's power under his Privy Seal, or Privy Signet, to determine the said Patent at his will and pleasure. So that if the affections of the Members of the said Corporation should not lead them to their duty, their own interest will for preservation of their Charter. And it would be for his Majesty's service that all the Corporations in England stood upon the same terms.

3. There is provision in the said Report made, that the said Corporation shall have no Livery, because such mean

Traflesmen have been generally taken notice of to be disaffected to the Government So that they cannot prejudice his Majesty's interest upon Elections if they were willing so to do. But since their Charter will be at his Majesty's pleasure, their interest if they have a Livery, will engage them to vote for his Majesty's Service for fear of losing their charter.

4. They are very useful to his Majesty in time of war, in making Canon Baskets, And they would be bound by the said Charter at such times, to find out fit and able men to serve his Majesty in his train of Artillery. And although they are but a mean calling, yet they are numerous and very useful Members in the public and are very well able to support the charge of the said Corporation.

5. The Basketmakers have been a fellowship near 150 years constituted by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London, and have hitherto regulated the said trade of Basketmaking to the great satisfaction of the Muzistrates there. But the Abuses that are committed in the said Calling are done in the Country near and at a great distance from London, where they are under no regulation. And the Commodities so ill made, are craftily and deceitfully obtruded upon the King's Liege people who are ignorant of the true value and goodness of the same, to the great damage of the public and prejudice of the said trade. And now since Judgment is given and entered against the Charter of London, the said fellowship of Basketmakers is fallen together with it. So that at present there is no regulation any where had in the said trade.

Records of the Basketmakers' Company. Compiled by Henry Hodgkinson Bobart, Clerk to the Company (Dunn, Collin & Co.). The spelling has been modernised.

INDIAN BASKETRY.

THE finest baskets of the world have been made by the Pomas, the Gulallas, the Tulares, the Monos, the Shoshones, the Indians of the Kern River, and the Aleuts of Alaska.

Much of aboriginal life is revealed in a study of the uses of Indian baskets, for to these primitive people, unacquainted with vessels made of wood, glass, iron, brass, or of any of the metals, the basket was called upon to serve practically every purpose. It was used at weddings, dances, "medicine," and other ceremonies. The baby's cradle, the mother's treasure basket, the family mush-bowl, the jars for storing and carrying water, the basket seed-winnowers, the basket drums, the fans for striking seed into the carrying-baskets, the gambling-plaques, are but a few of the thousand and one uses to which the basket is placed.

Equally interesting would it be to watch the Indian woman as she travels on foot or horseback far afield for the gathering of her material. She knows the name, the habitat, and the life-history of every piece of material within a radius of one to two hundred miles that can be used for basketry purposes. She can give you a vast amount of Indian lore in regard to the properties of all the plants as well as those used for basketry. She will show you where the sumach, willow, redbud, martynia, tule-root, maiden-hair fern, broom-corn, yucca, palm, and a score of other materials grow, and she knows the proper time to gather and prepare them.

Watch her as she takes this varied material and with her simple and primitive instruments, prepares it for use in her art. She scrapes, peels, and trims so that it will be of correct width, fineness, and length. And she soaks it in cold water, boils it, or buries it in mud, according to her knowledge of the treatment it requires.

By the basket student or expert almost every type of North American basket is immediately recognised either by

its material, weave, or peculiarity of design, although it must be confessed that since basketmaking has become commercialised the Indians are beginning, at the white man's suggestion, to imitate both the forms and designs of tribes other than their own. But even with this element of confusion introduced, the careful student need seldom make any mistake in determining to what tribe any basket presented to him belongs.

The Indian basket is almost entirely the work of the Indian woman. This is an art in which the Indian man has practically never interfered. Hence to understand it aright is to enter largely into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Indian woman's life, for it is her one chief art expression, the one in which is enshrined her love of beauty, her joy in the observation of nature, her symbolism, mythology, history, tradition, prayers, emotions, and aspirations. To know the basket aright is to know more of the Indian woman's life than can be revealed in almost any other way.

Every weaver, as a rule, makes her own designs. It may have elements similar to those of other weavers, but they are combined according to the present weaver's own state of mind or the idea she wishes to embody in her symbols.

This commercial age has either corrupted or totally destroyed the taste of the majority of its people so that they are incapable of judging upon that which is artistic. Should they wish to decorate a sofa pillow, they hic themselves to a department store and buy "pattern 91" or "design 23 B"; purchase the material they require, and then go home, pin the design to the material and iron it on, afterwards working out the mechanical design with whatever material the pattern calls for. And this is called art work! Let it not be forgotten that William Morris's definition can never be dodged: "Art is the expression of man's joy in his work." How can there be any art in the product of a machine? The true art work is personal, individualistic, and the Indian weaver centuries ago learned this lesson. She gains

BASKET-MAKING, AND POTTERY.

her designs from the suggestions of the Milky Way, the stars, and other objects that remind her of happy passages in her own life. She watched the flying of the ducks and birds, and the floating of the water-fowl upon the lakes. She copied the graceful movements of the gliding snake, and the dancing glint of the sunbeams upon the waters. The lightning, the rain-clouds, the falling rain, the rainbow, and a thousand and one things in nature suggested designs for her baskets. She wove her symbolism and her religion into these baskets and, therefore, as a rule, they are unique, striking, perfect, and fill the soul of the appreciative with keenest joy.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES: *Poetry and Symbolism of Indian Basketry*. By permission.

BASKETRY IN INDIAN LEGEND.

CONSIDERING the important place that basketry holds in the life of the Indian, it is to be expected that much legendary lore of one kind or another would be associated with it. And such is the case. Did one have the time and opportunity, he might accumulate a large volume of such legends. A few must here suffice.

MacMurray thus writes of the Cosmogony of the Yakimas as it was told to him by one of their great war chiefs: "The world was all water, and Saghalee Tyee was above it. He threw up out of the water at shallow places large quantities of mud, and that made the land. He made trees to grow, and he made a man out of a ball of mud and instructed him in what he should do. When the man grew lonesome, he made a woman as his companion, and taught her to dress skins, and to gather berries, and to make baskets of the bark of roots, which he taught her, how to find.

"She was asleep and dreaming of her ignorance of how to please man, and she prayed to Saghalee Tyee to help her.

He breathed on her and gave her something that she could not see, or hear, or smell, or touch, and it was preserved in a little basket, and by it all the arts of design and skilled handiwork were imparted to her descendants."

According to Washington Matthews the Navahoes have many legends with which baskets are connected.

Here is a description of the first baby baskets ever made. Surely none but a poetic and imaginative people could ever have conceived so wonderful a basket. Their gods of war were born of two women, one fathered by the sun, the other by a waterfall, and when they were born they were placed in baby baskets both alike as follows: The foot-rests and the back battens were made of sunbeam, the hoods of rainbow, the side-strings of sheet lightning, and the lacing strings of zig-zag lightning. One child they covered with the black cloud, and the other with the female rain.

Another form of this story says that the boy born first was wrapped in black cloud. A rainbow was used for the hood of his basket and studded with stars. The back of the frame was a pathelion, with the bright spot at its bottom shining at the lowest point. Zig-zag lightning was laid in each side and straight lightning down the middle in front. Nilsatlol (sunbeams shining on a distant rainstorm) formed the fringe in front where Indians now put strips of buckskin. The carry-straps were sunbeams.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES: *Indian Basketry* (New York: Henry Malkan, 1909). By permission.

THE STORY OF PU THE POTTER.

THERE is a Chinese legend translated by Lafcadio Hearn, which expresses so perfectly the ideal workman's ideal of workmanship that it should be known to everyone.

"There was a certain Chinese potter, Pu by name, who, from a humble workman, became, by dint of tireless study and ceaseless toil, a great artist. So famous was he in all



PLATE IV.

EXAMPLES OF INDIAN BASKETS. 1. Basket made by the Umqua Indians of Oregon. The design represents flying birds, men and sturgeon. 2. Berry basket of the Klikitat Indians from Washington State. 3. Paiute or Shoshonean basket from Nevada. The design represents lightning. (Reproduced by permission of the British Museum.)

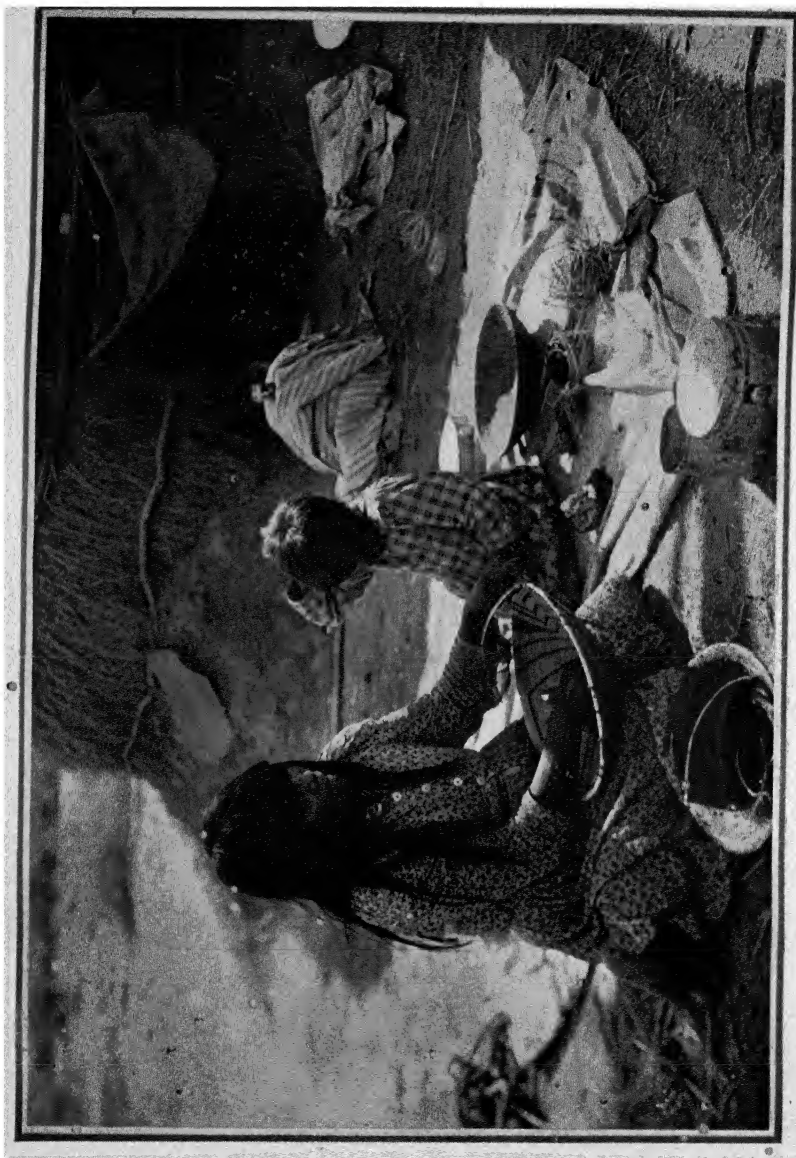


PLATE V.

By permission of the Putnam Studios, Los Angeles, California

INDIAN MAKING BASKETS.

(See page 31.)



PLATE VI.
SOME PEASANT POTTERY FROM THE JENA JAHRMARKT.
(See Page 35)

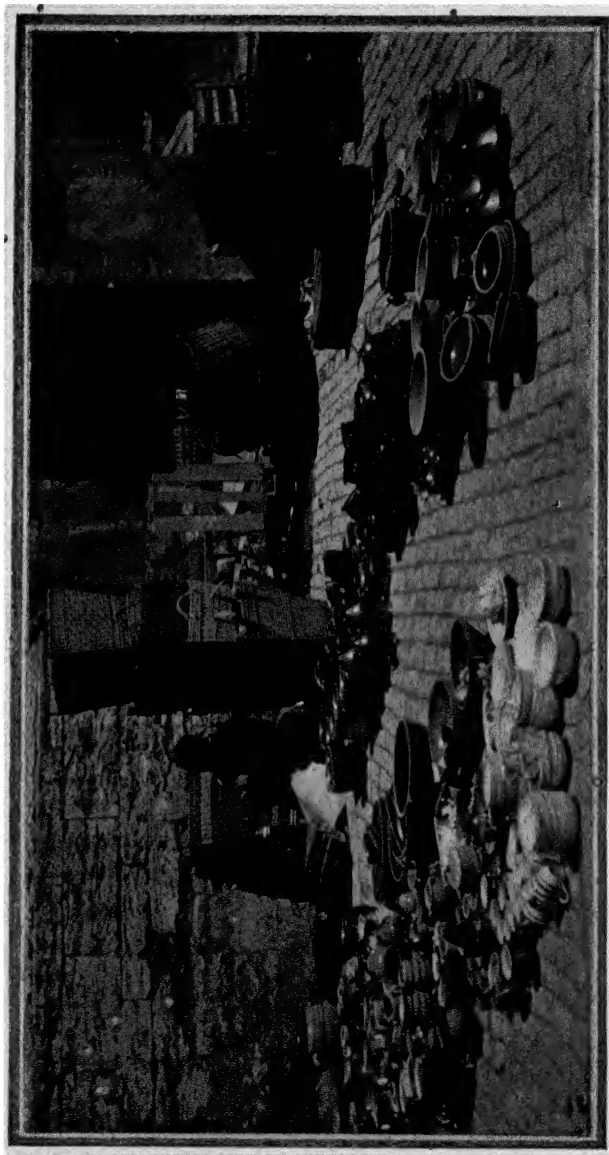


PLATE VII.
FRAU MEISTER TÖFFERIN AND HER WARES IN THE JENA JAHRMARKT.
(See page 55.)

lands that some folk called him a magician, others an astrologer, who had discovered the mystery of those five Hing which influence all things, even the currents in the stardrift and the suns in the Milky Way.

And it came to pass that one day Pu sent a present, his latest masterpiece, to the Son of Heaven; and the Emperor wondered at the beauty of the work, and questioned the mandarins concerning him that made it.

They told him he was a workman, one Pu, "without equal among potters, knowing the secrets of the gods."

Whereupon the Son of Heaven sent his officers to Pu with a noble gift, and summoned him to his presence. And the humble artisan entered before the Emperor and made the supreme obeisance, thrice kneeling and thrice nine times touching the ground with his forehead, and awaited the commands of the August One. And the Emperor spoke to him, "Son, thy gracious gift has found high favour in our sight, and for the charm of that offering we have bestowed on thee a reward of five thousand pieces of silver. But thrice that reward shall be thine so soon as thou shalt have fulfilled our behest.

"Hearken, O matchless artificer: it is now our will that thou shouldst make for us a vase bearing the tint and aspect of living flesh. But mark well our desire. It must be flesh, quick and trembling with the thrill of poetry, quivering with the joy of song. Obey, and answer not. We have spoken."

Now Pu was more skilled than the most skilled of the mixers of pastes and glazes, of all the designers of ornaments, of all the enamel painters, of all the gilders and draughtsmen and retouchers; more skilled than the most experienced of all who watch the fire. But he went away sorrowing from the palace of the Son of Heaven, notwithstanding the gift of five thousand silver pieces. "For," he said to himself, "surely the mystery of the comeliness of flesh and the mystery of that by which it is moved are the secrets of the

supreme Tao. How shall man make clay to live? 'Who save the Infinite can give soul?'"

And he trembled at the task assigned to him, saying as he returned to the familiar toil of his studio: "How shall any man render in clay the quivering of flesh with the joy of song?"

Yet the command of the Celestial and August might never be disobeyed, and Pu strove with all his power to fulfil the Son of Heaven's desire. But vainly for days, weeks, months, for season after season, did he strive. Vainly he prayed to the gods to help him; vainly he sought the Spirit of the Fire to aid him to breathe spirit and soul into the lifeless clay. Nine-and-forty times did Pu seek to fulfil the Emperor's command; nine-and-forty times did he strive and fail, and spend strength and vigour and knowledge and substance in vain. Evil visited his home, poverty sat in his dwelling. Yet after each failure he began again, and prayed to the Spirit of the Furnace to aid him; and at last the Spirit of the Furnace answered him out of the roaring of the fire, and the crackling of a thousand tongues of flame: "Canst thou divide a soul? Nay, thy life for the life of thy work, thy soul for the soul of thy vase?"

And hearing these words Pu arose with a terrible resolve swelling at his heart, and made ready for the last and fiftieth time to fashion his work for the oven. One hundred times did he sift the clay and the quartz, the kaolin and the tun; one hundred times did he purify them in the clearest water; one hundred times with tireless hands did he knead the creamy paste, mingling it with colours known only to himself. Then was the vase shapen and reshapen, touched and retouched by the hands of Pu, until its smooth, soft surface seemed to live, until it appeared to palpitate from within with a quiver of muscles moving beneath the pearly skin. Then over it all he laid the lucid, glossy enamel, half-diaphanous, even like the substance it had to suggest—the satiny sheen of a woman's skin. Never before had such

BASKET-MAKING AND POTTERY

work been seen. Then Pu bade those who aided him that they should feed the furnace well with wood, but the resolve of his heart he told to none. Yet after the oven began to glow and he saw the work of his hands blushing in the heat he bowed himself before the Spirit of the Flame and murmured: "Thou Spirit and Master of Fire, I know the truth of thy words, that a soul may never be divided, therefore my life for the life of my work, my soul for the soul of my vase," and for nine days and eight nights men watched the wondrous vase crystallising into being, rose-lighted by the breath of the flame.

Now upon the coming of the ninth night, Pu bade all his weary comrades return to rest, for that the work was well-nigh done, and its success assured. "If you find me not here at sunrise," he said, "fear not to take forth the vase, for I know that the task will have been accomplished according to the command of the August One."

So they departed. But in that same ninth night Pu entered the flame, and yielded up his Spirit to the Spirit of the Furnace, giving his life for the life of his work, his soul for the soul of his vase, and when the workmen came upon the tenth morning to take forth the vase, even the bones of Pu ceased to be, but the vase lived, as they looked upon it, seeming to be flesh, moved by some mighty word, stirred by poetic thought. And whenever tapped by the finger it uttered a voice and a name, the voice of its maker, the name of its creator. And the Emperor mourned for his faithful servant, and ordained that fair statues of him should be set up in all the cities of the Chinese Empire.

H. WILSON: *On Workmanship*
(John Hogg 1912).

MARKET DAY IN JENA.

IT was the yearly market (*Jahrmarkt*) in Jena and the whole town was set out like a fair—everything from toys to clothes. I often think we do not appreciate enough the

picturesqueness and interest of our own markets, but here it had the advantage of all peeping in and out of the old streets and squares of the mediæval town. Turning the corner of the old church we came across a lovely patch of colour spread on some hay over the stones. It was a peasant pottery stall and behind it sat the huddled up old Frau Meister Töpferin (Mrs. Master Potter). There were lovely blue jugs spotted with white patterns, and perfect in shape. Unlike some "art" pottery we have seen, these had handles made to hold, and spouts made to pour. There were cups, mugs, and all kinds of household pots, brown, green, red, grey, black, all in really good colours and pleasant shapes. "Do you want to buy any?" she asked us. "Yes, the whole lot," I said, "but can you pack and send them to England?" There was the difficulty. "Well, could you send me fifty sets of the jolly blue jug?" They were the sort that brighten up every kitchen here. "No," she said, "we could not do fifty alike and, besides, it would take a long time as we always bake mixed lots in the kiln." I remarked on the lovely blue. "Yes," said the old lady, "we have got it back again now; we lost it during the war. It is the right colour," and it was. So sadly I had to leave with only a small jug to put in my handbag. And as we passed by the next square where fat old Frederick the Magnanimous, in bronze stands with the inscription telling you how he founded the University in 1548, we saw the rows of enamelled tin utensils which have now almost ousted the country pots just as they have entirely done with us, so dead and uninteresting, but perhaps more useful. One wondered though how much human interest was also lost with the coming of these, as it could hardly be said they complied with the definition of a work of art, something made by a human being for a human being.

H.H.P.

WEAVING, SPINNING AND THE MAKING OF CLOTH

O distaff friend to warp and woof,
Minerva's gift in man's behoof.

THEOCRITUS

THE FATES.

WHITE raiment enfolding their aged limbs robed their ankles with a crimson border ; on their snowy heads rested rosy bands, while their hands duly plied the eternal task. The left hand held the distaff clothed with soft wool ; the right hand lightly drawing out the threads with up-turned fingers shaped them, then with downward thumb turned the spindle poised with rounded whorl ; and so with their teeth they still plucked the threads and made the work even. Bitten ends of wool clung to their dry lips, which had before stood out from the smooth yarn ; and at their feet soft fleeces of white-shining wool were kept safe in baskets of osier. They then, as they struck the wool, sang with a clear voice, and thus poured forth the fates in divine chant. That chant no length of time shall prove untruthful.

CATULLUS : translated by F. W. Cornish.
Loeb Classical Library (Heinemann).

AARON'S GARMENTS

SPEAK unto the children of Israel that they bring me an offering ; of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering. And this is the offering which we shall take of them ; gold and silver and brass, and blue and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, onyx stones, and stones to be set in the ephod, and in the breastplate. And let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them. According to all that I show you, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it . . .”

“And thou shalt speak unto all that are wise-hearted, whom I have filled with the spirit of wisdom that they may make Aaron's garments to consecrate him, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office. And these are the garments which they shall make ; a breastplate, and an ephod, and a robe, and a broidered coat, a miter, and a

girdle; . . . and they shall make the ephod of gold, of blue, and of purple, of scarlet and fine twined linen with cunning work . . . And the curious girdle of the ephod which is upon it, shall be of the same according to the work thereof; even of gold, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. . . . And thou shalt make the robe of ephod all of blue, and there shall be a hole in the top of it in the midst thereof; it shall have a binding of woven work round about the hole of it, as it were the hole of a habergeon, that it be not rent. And beneath, upon the hem of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof, and bells of gold between them round about; a golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell, and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister. And thou shalt make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it, like the engravings of a signet HOLINESS TO THE LORD. And thou shalt put it on a blue lace, that it may be upon the mitre; upon the forefront of the mitre it shall be. And thou shalt embroider the coat of fine linen, and thou shalt make the mitre of fine linen, and thou shalt make the girdle of needlework. And for Aaron's sons thou shalt make coats, and thou shalt make for them girdles, and bonnets shalt thou make for them, for glory and for beauty." And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offering to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments. And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted . . . And all the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple and of scarlet, and of fine linen . . . The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work which the Lord had commanded to be made. *The Holy Bible* (authorised version). Exodus 25, 28 and 36.

CRAFTSMEN 'ALL

SPINNING IN SILESIA.

ANDREW YARRANTON in a publication issued by him in 1677, describes a German spinning school: "Around a large room a number of benches were placed, in which sat, perhaps, two hundred children spinning. In the centre stood a pulpit, in which the mistress sat with a long white wand in her hand, watching the spinners. When anyone was seen to idle she was tapped with the wand, but if that did not produce improvement in conduct a small bell was rung, which brought out a woman, to whom the offender was pointed out, and who took the idler into another room, where she was chastised. All this was done without speaking a word; and this training, the author thought, would do good in England, where the young women were too much given to chatting. In an adjoining room a woman prepared and put the flax on the distaffs, and when a maid had spun off the flax the bell was rung, the rod pointed to her another distaff given, and the bobbin with the threads was removed and put into a box with others of the same size to make cloth. As the children learned to spin finer they were raised to higher benches and great care was taken to sort the yarn and keep it uniform, and so to make regular cloth."

JOHN HORNER: *The Linen Trade of Europe during the Spinning-Wheel Period* (Belfast: McCaw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., 1920).

THE SCHOLAR TAYLOR.

MAY 11th, 1715, Last Munday came to Oxford one Henry Wild, a taylor of Norwich. He came on foot and brought with him letters of recommendation from Dr. Tanner, Chancellor of Norwich . . . "I have ordered this bearer to call upon you, who is a very extraordinary person, and I believe will appear soon to you, when you shall know that being only taught English, and apprenticed to a

country taylor and forced to work for his bread, has by his industry and application attained good knowledge in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Samaritan, Chaldee, Arabic, Syriac, and Ethiopic. He has hitherto lived in great obscurity. He has mighty inclination to go among the books, and is now footing it to Oxford where I should be glad if he might meet with encouragement; for by the help of books, etc., I don't know but he might be as eminent as Master Stow was in our way. However, he is modest, and disposed to return to his trade if nothing better offers."

This taylor is now about thirty years of age, and was sometime ago examined by Sim O'Kely, the Professor of Arabic in Oxford who gave him a testimoniam under his own hand, which I saw and read, signifying that this person had attained a competent skill in these languages before mentioned.

The Remains of Thomas Hearne.

A CLOTHING TOWN.

THE town of Newbury was an ancient clothing town, tho' now little of that business remains to it; but it still retains a manufacturing genius, and the people are generally employed in making Shaloon, which tho' it be used only for the lining and insides of Men's cloathes, yet it becomes so generally worn, both at home and abroad, that it is increased to a manufacture by itself, and is more considerable than any manufacture of stuffs in the nation. This employs the town of Newbury and also Andover.

There lived the famous Jack of Newbury, the greatest clothier that ever was in England; having 100 looms at work in his own house. He flourished in the reign of Henry VIII., and marched at the head of 100 of his own men all clothed in an uniform, and maintained by himself, to the battle of Flodden Field, where he behaved well. He rebuilt part of Newbury church and the whole tower of it.

This is one of the two Legatee towns (as they were called) in the will of the famous Mr. Kenrick; who being

the son of a clothier of Newbury, and afterwards a merchant of London, left £4,000 to Newbury and £7,500 to Reading, to encourage the clothing trade and to set the poor at work.

DANIEL DÉFOE: *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* (1724).

WITNEY BLANKETS, BURFORD SADDLES, ETC.

BEING so near Witney, we could not forbear taking a ride to see a town so famous for the manufactures of blanketing and rugs which thrive here in a most extraordinary manner. Here are at work 150 looms continually, for which above 3,000 people, from eight years old and upwards, are daily employed in carding, spinning, etc., and consume above 100 packs of wool weekly. The blankets are usually 10 or 12 quarters wide, and very white, which some attribute to the abstersive nitrous waters of the river Windrush, wherewith they are scoured; but others believe it is owing to a peculiar way of loose spinning they use here; and others again are of opinion, that it proceeds from both. But, however that be, this town has ingrossed the whole trade in that commodity, and increases daily in its reputation. They likewise make here the Duffield stuffs, a yard and three quarters wide, which are carried to New England and Virginia, and now much worn even here in winter. Here are likewise a great many fell-mongers, who, having dressed and stained their sheep-skins, make them into jackets and breeches, and sell them at Bampton; from whence they are dispersed all over the neighbouring counties. Here is a good Freeschool and a fine library belonging to it.

Burford is famous for saddles, and lying near the Downs, draws great profit from the horse races which are frequent here.

At Woodstock they make fine steel chains for watches, and other things of polished steel; and send two members to parliament.

DANIEL DÉFOE: *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* (1724).

WEAVING AND SPINNING

FASHIONABLE CLOTHES.

I WILL tell you here how Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich in the reign of King Henry the eighth, of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentlemen's cut. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown and sent it to the taylours to be made; John Drakes a shoemaker of that town, coming to the said taylours and seeing the knight's gown-cloath lying there and liking it well, caused the taylour to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent and further had him to make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of.

Not long after the knight coming to the taylours to take measure of his gown perceiveth the like gown-cloth lying there, asked of the taylour whose it was. Quoth the taylour, "It is John Drake's, who will have it made of the self-same fashion that yours is made of." "Well," said the knight, "In good time be it. I will have mine made as full of cuts as thy sheers can make it." "It shall be done," said the taylour, whereupon because the time drew near, he made haste of both their garments. John Drakes, when he had no time to go to the taylours till Christmas Day, for serving of customers, when he had hoped to have worn his gown, perceiving the same to be full of cuts, began to swear with the taylour for the making of his gown after that sort. "I have done nothing," quoth the taylour, "but that you bad me for as Sir Philip Calthrops is, even so have I made yours." "By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear gentleman's fashion again."

How we have offended lately herein, I refer to every particular man's own knowledge. I fear it will be verified which an old gentleman said, when our posterity shall see our pictures, they shall think we were foolishly proud in apparel.

Camden's Remains Concerning Britain (1636).

CRAFTSMEN ALL

WORK AND CONTEMPLATION.

THE woman singeth at her spinning wheel
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarolle ;
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,
Far more than of her flax ; and yet the reel
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel
With quick adjustment, provident control,
The lines, too subtly twisted to unroll,
Out of a perfect thread. I hence appeal
To the dear Christian church—that we may do
Our Father's business in these temples mure,
Thus, swift and steadfast ; thus, intent and strong ;
While, thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue
Some high, calm, spheric tune, and prove our work
The better for the sweetness of our song.

E. B. BROWNING.

THE AGE OF HOMESPUN.*

I HAVE spoken of the great advance in human society, indicated by a transition from the dress of skins to that of cloth—an advance of so great dignity that spinning and weaving were looked upon as a kind of fine art, or polite accomplishment. Another advance, and one that is equally remarkable, is indicated by the transition from a dress of homespun to a dress of factory cloths, produced by machinery and obtained by the exchanges of commerce, at home or abroad. This transition we are now making, or rather, I should say, it is already so far made that the very terms "domestic manufacture," have quite lost their meaning ; being applied to that which is neither domestic, as being made in the house, nor manufacture, as being made by the hands.

This transition from mother and daughter power to water and steam-power is a great one, greater by far than many

* A Secular Sermon delivered at the Centennial Celebration of Litchfield, U.S.A.

WEAVING AND SPINNING

have as yet begun to conceive—one that is to carry with it a complete revolution of domestic life and social manners. If, in this transition, there is something to regret, there is more, I trust, to desire. If it carries away the old simplicity, it must also open higher possibilities of culture and social ornament. The principal danger is, that, in removing the rough necessities of the homespun age, it may take away also the severe virtues and the homely but deep and true piety by which, in their blessed fruits, as we are all here testifying, that age is so honourably distinguished. Be the issue what it may, good or bad, hopeful or unhopeful, it has come ; it is already a fact, and the consequences must follow.

If our sons and daughters should assemble a hundred years hence to hold another celebration like this, they will scarcely be able to imagine the Arcadian pictures now so fresh in the memory of many of us, though to the younger part already matters of hearsay more than of personal knowledge or remembrance. Everything that was most distinctive of the old homespun mode of life will then have passed away. The spinning-wheels of wool and flax, that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us, will be heard no more for ever ; seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of the Antiquarian Societies, where the delicate daughters will be asking, what these strange machines are, and how they were made to go ? The huge, hewn-timber looms, that used to occupy a room by themselves in the farmhouses, will be gone, cut up for cord-wood, and their heavy thwack, beating up the woof, will be heard no more by the passer-by—not even the Antiquarian Halls will find room to harbour a specimen. The long strips of linen, bleaching on the grass, and tended by a sturdy maiden, sprinkling them, each hour, from her water-can, under a broiling sun—thus to prepare the Sunday linen for her brothers and her own wedding outfit—will have disappeared save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of

the old time. The tables will be spread with some cunning, water-power Silesia not yet invented, or perchance with some meaner fabric from the cotton mills. The heavy Sunday coats that grew on sheep individually remembered—more comfortably carried, in warm weather, on the arm—and the specially fine striped blue and white pantaloons of linen just from the loom, will no longer be conspicuous in processions of footmen going to their homespun worship, but will have given place to processions of broadcloth gentlemen lolling in the upholstery of their coaches, able to worship, it may be, in a more cultivated figure, but not with a finer sincerity. The churches too, that used to be simple brown meeting-houses covered with rived clapboards of oak, will have come down, mostly from the bleak hill-tops into the close villages and populous towns that crowd the waterfalls and the railroads; and the old burial places, where the fathers sleep, will be left to their lonely altitude—token, shall we say, of an age that lived as much nearer to heaven and as much less under the world. The change will be complete. Would that we might raise some worthy monument to a social state, then to be passed by, worthy, in all future time, to be held in the dearest reverence.

HORACE BUSHNELL: *Work and Play* (1864).

HIGHLAND WORKING SONGS.

THE theory of "scientific management" is among the bright, brand-new notions that we so gratefully cull from America. It is claimed that by a careful study and reorganization of the worker's movements, a considerable proportion of fatigue and time can be saved, in just the same way that a modification in the structure of a machine can obviate friction or speed-up its work. It is rather interesting to contrast this practical, modern and quite soulless idea with one that is infinitely older and more picturesque.

In ancient times, in the Highlands, every kind of work had its own appropriate song. The people loved music and

poetry, but the working songs were more than a mere attempt to pass dull hours by singing. It is rare to find that the words of these old songs dealt with the actual process of work, they rather encouraged the worker's spirit to soar away on the wings of a rousing ballad or haunting love-song. Their special suitability lay in the cadence of the music which set the wearied body of the worker swinging to the particular rhythm of his individual task. In such collections as "Songs of the North" or Mrs. Kennedy Fraser's *Hebridean Songs*, it is easy to find special songs for reaping, threshing, carding, spinning, weaving and rowing; and we know, from many old writers, that there were tunes for many other tasks—kneading dough, milking, etc. Burt, in his "Letters from the North of Scotland," describes how the women gathering and binding the sheaves of corn would move to the swing of their singing with the unison of a well drilled company of soldiers. Occasionally the songs and tunes were turned to commercial account. When the country folk came to give their labour dues to the laird's or the minister's harvest, sometimes a fiddler or piper would be employed, so that even though the labourers started unwillingly, the lilt of the music would get in to their blood, so that they finished their task in a "phrenzy," as one old writer puts it. In the case of weaving songs, it is rather amusing to find that on one of the Islands of the West Coast, where this work was generally done by women, a tender Gaelic love-song was sung, whereas in Fifeshire, where the great linen weaving industry was mainly carried on by men, the popular weaving song was: "There was a wee cooper wha lived in Fife—rickety, nackety, noo, noo, noo," an epic which described the wee cooper's drastic methods in breaking in his "lady wife."

The most familiar working rhythm is that of the spinning song, for which many songs were suitable even if they were not all specially written for it. Old people have told me how well "Annie Laurie" went with the now extinct,

"muckle wheel," and anyone who has crooned some of the best known of the old Scot's songs to our spinning wheel, must have noticed the extraordinary way in which the cadence of the tunes suited the pause and rush of the wheel. "Ca—the yows—*tae*—the knows," is a braid Scot's example and the lovely "Crochallan" is only one of many equally suitable Gaelic songs.

* Old writers—such as Pennant and Martin—give a special prominence to the importance of the working song in the process of "luaching" the tweed. In the Highlands, at any rate in out of the way parts, fulling mills such as were used in the South of Scotland and in England were unknown, but the cloth never seems to have been used from straight off the loom, as is commonly the case with modern hand-woven woollens. The web was well soaked in soapy water and was then placed on the floor of a cottage or on some boards laid on the ground outside. All the women of the clachan or hamlet then gathered round. They first of all squeezed and thumped the web with their hands, and then the younger ones kicked it to and fro and rubbed it with their bare feet, singing in unison all the time till they worked themselves up into a state of wild excitement. The web was finally wound as tightly as possible round a piece of board and left to dry and stiffen. The luaching songs were of six kinds, to suit the different processes and beginning with a dedication of the cloth. Some of them are still in use. In the old days the women never said: "the cloth will take so much more time"; but that "it will take so many more songs to finish."

When the Scotchmen were forced to emigrate they carried with them their old working songs. The lovely Canadian Boating Song still held the beat of their paddles as they forced their way up the lonely rivers of the new world, and, perhaps, it is still the song that means more than any other to wandering Scots the whole world over.

I. F. GRANT: From *The Town Crier*, April, 1924.

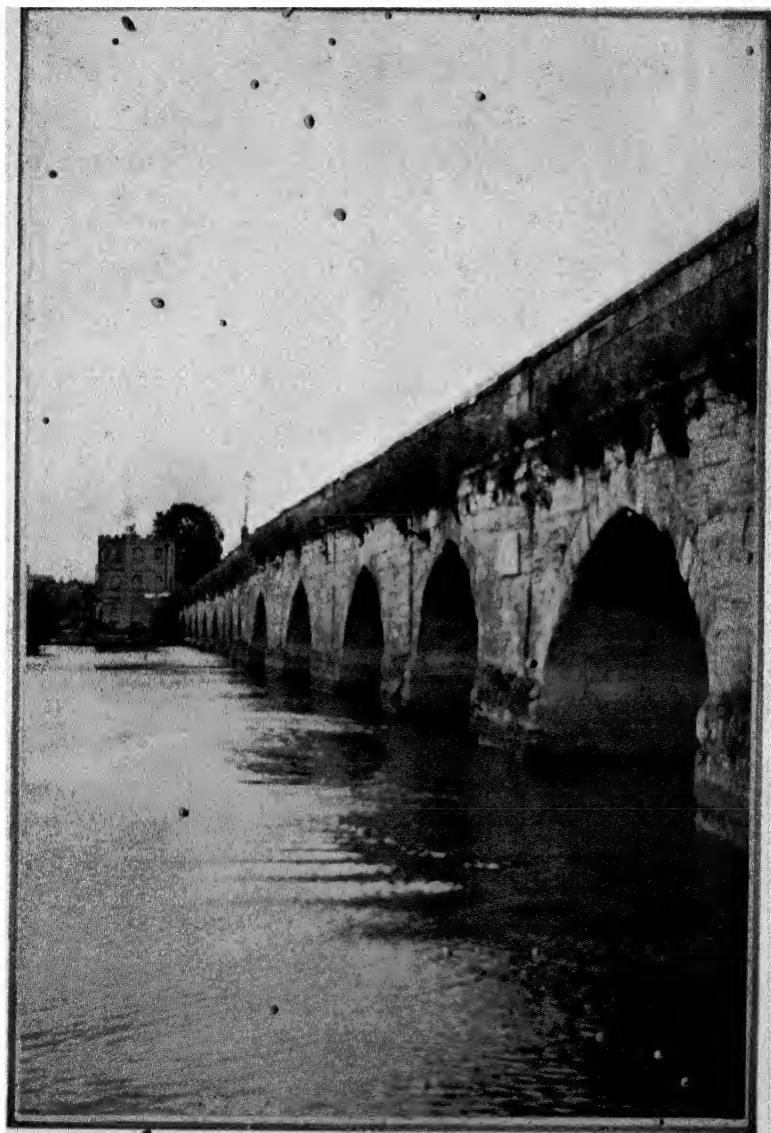


PLATE VIII.

9 HUGH CLOPTON'S BRIDGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

(See page 64)

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ARCHITECTURE has its political use ; it establishes a Nation, draws people and commerce ; makes the people love their native country, which passion is the great original of all great actions in a Commonwealth.

CHRISTOPHER WREN.

ON THE STUDY OF ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE.

"Love furthurs knowledge."

THERE are many obvious reasons why the history and development of English architecture should be a popular subject with Englishmen. English architecture forms, in reality, a very substantial part of English history. The chronicles range over the thousand or more years of our national life. Its monuments are identified with the names of some of England's most illustrious men—kings, prelates, monks, statesmen, local worthies in every corner of the land; and it is felt that these souvenirs of the past not only enrich our existence as a nation, but they quicken our historic sense, invest old memories with a sense of reality, make the past present, the distant near.

Further, we may look upon English art as perhaps the highest product of our national genius. Our old buildings mark the range of quality of our artistic capacities in the way of design. They express and perpetuate in durable form the ancestral conceptions of our race, and not of our race in a general sense only, but of the picked men of the race at their brightest and most expressive moments. They represent, so to speak, the mirror of the nation's mind, the essence of its genius, the slow growing sum of its imaginative reach, the ideals and the master-thoughts of the makers of England. English architecture, quite as much as English literature, expresses the imaginative thought of the English people during a long series of successive generations, and in a true sense has concentrated and imaged the dominant qualities of our race.

As for English architecture, who can fitly praise it? It is Time's best gift to us. It is the everlasting proof to us that England has had her big men. There may be, and I am not saying that there are not, national arts of wider range and loftier distinction, and our opinion of its merits may strike the indifferent foreigner as exaggerated. Let that pass.

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Just as the man who loves his native hills can trace in his home-landscape significant outlines, and lights and shadows and patches of soft colouring that escape the stranger's eye, so in our national architecture we have beauties and suggestions that only the native-born Englishman can read or value rightly. To us, English architecture is an unmatchable commodity. It is the sweetest, the noblest, the most lovable of all the arts of the world. If it lack the technical perfection, the easy expression, the siren graciousness of the Italian, it has, at least, the substance and the kernel of true art within it—the *matter*, if not the *form*. If it have not the sense of style, the range of idea, the magnificent audacity of the French, it has vigorous grasp of complicated detail, it has manly sincerity, simple ardour, and the indication of faculties which, under more favourable conditions than our island home could afford, would have achieved yet nobler things. In certain lines of greatness as great as foreign arts, in our own line of greatness excelling theirs. Such, in brief, is English architecture.

. . . And now for a few hints upon the study of English architecture from the disinterested point of view of the true amateur of beautiful things: and as my audience consists partly of young men, I have the less scruple in being explicit and in going into detail.

1. Have as little to do with printed books as you can. Let your study be as much *outdoor* study as possible. The great stone-book of old English architecture lies spread out before you—study that: remembering that the things we learn from our own observation, the facts we discover for ourselves are ever the most serviceable. What a man takes to himself, what he fastens upon, he will illuminate by the light of his own understanding.

2. Give no heed to old wives' fables about the "pure" and the "debased" styles. Have done with Cant! Have no scruples in brushing away the cobwebs with which

successive commentators have obscured the face of those sections of the work which unfortunately came under their ban. With what Freeman and Fergusson have written about English art you cannot be too familiar, it is all wise and impartial. But it were better to let alone the books of other authors who have taken prejudiced views of art : at all events (if you are young) until your own experience of the work generally enables you to estimate the value of the critics' condemnations. English architecture need not fear scrutiny, it has only to be studied sympathetically to prove its own vindication.

3. Avoid as much as possible the professional man's point of view. All our past study has been too pedantic, too partial, too self-interested ; it has been too much of an arrangement of *quid pro quo*—too much of what Coleridge would call a bread-and-butter occupation. All that I am saying points to a simpler, a more intimate, more direct, more individual, and local method of treatment than we have inherited. We have had enough of "attempts to discriminate the styles of architecture." To handle old buildings with this intent denudes old art of all its charm and mystery, and blunts the imagination of the student, damages the best part of him, makes of him a prig, a walking cyclopædia, but never, never an artist !

4. Study English architecture *as* it grew, *where* it grew, and as one thing from first to last.

5. Study English architecture, not so much even as a consistent system of art from beginning to end, but as a record of national character. With regard to the fourth recommendation : The localness of English art is one of its distinguishing marks—a mark that the text-books cannot enforce. How can the text-books be at once general and local, comprehensive and particular, generic and specific ? Study the art locally, for that is how it grew : its initiation

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was mostly with horny-handed workman, so far, at least, as details are concerned; its foster-mother was tradition, its cradle was the tradesman's bench. The patron might scheme the building, look on and direct the work, but he did not invent the details; indeed, you can scarcely say that anything was "original" in those days; so related was everything to what had gone before, and to what was going on elsewhere. No one supposes that what the books call "Norman" architecture was invented by the Norman patron at all: had it been so, we should have found a parallel to Durham or Peterborough in Normandy, which you cannot find. *Of course*, it was *English*—earlier than the "Early English" of the silly books, and quite three hundred years later than the true "Early English" of Saxon times began.

Study the art where it grew.

JOHN D. SEDDING: *Art and Handicraft* (Kegan Paul, 1893).

THE FOUNDING OF WEARMOUTH AND JARROW. IN THE SEVENTH CENTURY A.D.

A REMARKABLE centre of Christian culture was soon established in Northumbria, fostered by several energetic Abbots—Benedict Biscop, Ceolfrid and Wilfrid—a culture which soon produced the noble poetry of Caedmon and the historical work of Bede. Books, pictures, silks and relics were eagerly gathered in Italy, and within a few years wonderful works of art were being wrought by the monastic schools—buildings, sculpture, metal work and MSS. Of the works brought back from Italy two have great significance for the history of art in the "Dark Age"—a series of paintings of the Gospel story and some remarkable Codices of the Bible. The enthusiastic correspondence and commerce with Rome at this time may best be brought out by

an extract—somewhat condensed—from the Life of Ceolfrid Abbot in Wearmouth and Jarrow. Ceolfrid for a time served as Prior under Benedict Biscop.

“Abbot Benedict had crossed the seas many times and had explored Gaul and Italy and even the Islands (Lerins) and had the statutes of the ancient monasteries by heart. He had learnt the Rule in seventeen of the most ancient monasteries, and what was of greatest worth he stored it in the treasure-house of his heart and brought it to Britain. They began to build their monastery at the mouth of the Wear in the year 674, and the year after Benedict went oversea and sought master builders by whose labour he might erect a church of stone, and he brought them from Gaul to Britain. As soon as a Basilica of exquisite workmanship had been erected and dedicated to the honour of St. Peter, the Abbot Benedict prepared for a visit to Rome so as to bring back an abundance of sacred books, some Relics of the Blessed Martyrs, a Delineation of the Stories in the Canonical Scriptures, and, as on many previous occasions, the gifts of the world abroad; but above all, teachers to instruct his people according to the Roman use in the order of chanting and ministration in the Church. Ceolfrid went with him wishful to school himself in Rome in the duties of his degree. They acquainted themselves at Rome with the statutes of the Church and brought back John, of blessed memory, precentor of the Church in Rome and Abbot of St. Martin’s, who taught us the rule of chanting both by his voice and from the musical score.

“Now eight years after they began this monastery King Egfrid granted an estate that a monastery in honour of St. Paul might be erected, which work was committed to Ceolfrid. In the third year from the foundation he began to build the church of St. Paul. And Benedict hastened to Rome so as to bring home the good things needed for the monasteries, and came home laden as always with treasures.

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When he (Benedict) passed from death into life Ceolfrid undertook the oversight of the two monasteries ; he sent to Rome and obtained from Pope Sergius a letter of privilege, and he enriched them abundantly with such vessels as belong to the Ministry of the Church, and the collection of books brought from Rome he splendidly enlarged. Amongst other things, he caused three pandects to be inscribed, two for his monasteries in order that all who wished might read any chapter of either Testament, while the third, when he was about to depart for Rome, he decided to present to St. Peter. . . .

"When all things were ready he called together the brethren, and as soon as Mass had been sung he set fire to the incense and holding the censer took his stand on the steps from which he had been accustomed to read and gave the kiss to many. He went then to the oratory of St. Laurence in the dormitory and, going forth, he addressed them. And, having recited a prayer on the shore, he ascended the vessel, the deacons beside him, one of them holding a golden cross which he had made, the others lighted candles. . . . So he came to the City of Langres, and there, worn out, he was gathered to his fathers. And he left in his monasteries a band more than six hundred in number."

W. R. LETHABY : *Italian Art and Britain* (The Anglo-Italian Review, 1918, Constable).

HOW CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL WAS REBUILT AFTER THE FIRE OF 1174.

From the Account of the Monk Gervase.

THE House of God, hitherto delightful as a paradise of pleasures, was now made a despicable heap of ashes . . . The Brotherhood sought counsel as to how the burnt church might be repaired, but without success ; for the pillars were exceedingly weakened by the heat of the fire and were

hardly able to stand, so that they frightened even the wisest out of their wits. French and English artificers were summoned but differed in opinion. Some undertook to repair the columns, some asserted that the whole church must be pulled down—this opinion, true as it was, excruciated the monks with grief.

However, amongst the other workmen there had come a certain William of Sens (a cathedral town in France), a man active and ready, and as a workman most skilful both in wood and in stone. Him they retained on account of his lively genius and good reputation. To him and the providence of God was the execution of the work committed, and he, carefully surveying the burnt walls, did for some time conceal what he found necessary to be done; but he went on preparing all things needful. When he found that the monks began to be somewhat comforted, he ventured to confirm that the pillars and all they supported must be destroyed. And now he addressed himself to the procuring of stones, he constructed ingenious machines, he delivered moulds for the shaping of stones to the cutters. The Choir thus condemned was pulled down and nothing else was done this year. In the following year after the feast of St. Bertin (Sept. 5th, 1175) before the winter he erected four pillars, two on each side, and after the winter two more were placed, so that on each side were three in order, upon which and upon the wall of the aisle he formed seemly arches and a vault, three bays on each side. In the third year he placed two pillars on each side beyond the two extreme ones which he decorated with marble columns placed around them, because at that place the Choir and (eastern) transepts were to meet. To which, having added the vault, he brought along the lower triforium (or wall passage) over which he added another passage and the upper windows and in the next place three bays and the great vault, all which appeared to us incomparable and most worthy of praise, and we rejoiced and conceived good hopes

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of the end. Thus was the third year occupied and the beginning of the fourth in the summer of which he erected ten pillars of which the two first were ornamented with marble to correspond with the other two principal ones. Upon these he placed the arches and vault, when suddenly the beams broke under his feet and he fell to the ground with stones and timbers, from the height of the capitals of the upper vault, that is to say, fifty feet. Thus sorely bruised he was rendered helpless alike to himself and for the work, but no other person was injured. Against the master only was this vengeance of God or spite of the Devil directed.

The master, thus hurt, remained in his bed for some time under medical care in expectation of recovering, but was deceived in this hope. Nevertheless, as the winter approached and it was necessary to finish the upper vault, he gave charge of the work to a certain ingenious and industrious monk (Gervase himself?), but the master reclining in bed commanded all things that should be done in order and thus was completed the vault above the four principal pillars; in the keystone of this the Choir and Transept seem to meet. Two bays on each side were formed before the winter when heavy rains stopped the work. In these operations the fourth year was occupied and the beginning of the fifth. •

And the master perceiving that he derived no benefit from the physicians, gave up the work and returned to his home in France. And another succeeded him in charge of the work; William by name, English by nation, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest •

Condensed from Prof. R. Willis's translation of the contemporary account (1845). •

A DANISH LEGACY.

IF you will search around any old church in the Vale of Pickering in Yorkshire, you will find built into the walls pieces of beautifully carved crosses or stones of Celtic and Saxon designs, relics of the civilisation destroyed by the Danes. Over the church door at Kirkdale near to the famous cave that gave up to us the bones of mammoths, hyenas, tigers, and other extinct animals, and not far from St. Chad's Monastery at Lastingham there is a sundial bearing an Anglo-Saxon inscription which runs :—

ORM GAMAL SUNA BOHTE SANCTUS GREGORIUS MINSTER THONNE HIT WES AEL TOBROCAN & TOFALAN & HE HIT LET MACAN NEWAN FROM GRUNDE CHRISTE & SANCTUS GREGORIUS IN EADWARD DAGUM CYNING & IN TOSTI DAGUM EORL & HAWARTH ME WROHTE & BRAND PRESBYTERS.

Rendered into Modern English it reads :—"Orm, Gamal's son, bought St. Gregory's Minster (Church) when it was all broken and fallen, and caused it to be made anew from the ground for Christ and St. Gregory in the days of King Edward, and in the days of Earl Tosti, and Hawarth wrought me and Brand, priests."

Near by on another dial we find :—OROLOGI VIATORUM LOTHAN ME WROHTE A "The traveller's clock. Lothan made me t. . ." It is left unfinished.

Was Lothan in Tosti's rebellion and perhaps killed, for we know that the murder of Gamal, Orm's father, lies at Tosti's charge?

H.H.P.

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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

ORDER OF HENRY III. IN 1241 FOR NEW WORKS AND
REPAIRS.

THE King to the Keepers of the Works at the Tower of London. We command you to repair the granary within the same tower, etc., and to cause all the leaden gutters of the great tower through which rain should fall from the summit of the same tower to be carried down to the ground, so that the wall of the said tower which has been newly whitewashed, may be in no wise injured by the dropping of rainwater, nor be easily weakened. And make on the same tower on the south side, at the top, deep alures (or projecting passages) of good and strong timber, entirely and well covered with lead, through which people may look even unto the foot of the same tower, and ascend, and better defend it, if need should be. And also whitewash the whole chapel of St. John the Evangelist in the same tower. And make in the same chapel three glass windows one to wit, on the north with a certain small figure of Mary holding her Child, another on the south side with the subject of the Trinity, and the third on the same south side with St. John the Apostle and Evangelist; and paint the Cross and beam beyond (or over) the altar of the same chapel well with good colours. And cause to be made and painted two fair images where they may be best and most decently made, one of St. Edward holding a ring and giving it to St. John the Evangelist. And whitewash all the old wall around our aforesaid Tower. Windsor December 10th.

From the Librate Rolls printed by T. Hudson
Turner in *Domestic Architecture in England*, (1877).

CRAFTSMEN / ALL

WESTMINSTER PALACE.

ORDER OF HENRY III. IN 1244 FOR BUILDING THE KNIGHTS' CHAMBER.

THE King to his treasurer and Edward Fitz-Otho. We command you strictly enjoining, and even as you wish our love towards you to be continued, that you omit in no wise but that the chamber which we ordered to be made at Westminster, for the use of the knights, be finished on this side of Easter, even though it should be necessary to hire a thousand workmen a day for it ; and make the same chamber of two stories, and in the same manner without couples (that is, with a flat roof) as the privy-chamber of our great exchequer, and cover well the roof of the same chamber with lead ; so that the view of the windows of the great hall (of Westminster Palace) may not be disturbed. And make also in the upper floor two chimneys, and one chimney beneath. Also remove the offices which are beside the hall aforesaid, and rebuild them between our same exchequer and the gateway. Woodstock, May 17th.

From the Librate Rolls printed by T. Hudson
Turner in *Domestic Architecture in England*, 1877.

KING'S MASON.

AS to-day at a large country house we may find an estate carpenter and mason permanently engaged, so to the king's palace were attached a chief royal mason, carpenter, smith and painter, just as there were a chief butler and cook ; and these officers followed one another in unbroken succession. The office of royal mason existed as a sinecure almost until to-day. In the time of Charles the First it was still held by a working mason, Nicholas Stone, who was appointed in 1626 king's mason and architect, as Will Suthis had been. A century later the painter-architect, Kent, was appointed king's mason. Under the chief master-mason or carpenter a body of journeymen were permanently engaged,

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but at times of special effort they were "pressed by royal warrant to work at the king's wages," a custom which has not very long lapsed in the Royal Navy. At Westminster when any serious work of masonry was going forward, the master-mason was likely to be in daily contact with the king, and mention of exchanges of wine* between Henry III. and his master-mason suggests their intimate relations. John of Gloucester, indeed, was king of masonry in these realms.

W. R. LETHBRIDGE : *Westminster Abbey and its Craftsmen* (Duckworth).

THE LESSON OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ART is man's thought expressed in his handwork. The course of art has left a great series of documents for the history of civilisation. Moreover, the quality, importance and number of monuments are likely to vary according to the greatness of the periods in which they were produced. They are witnesses which cannot lie ; they are, indeed, not so much records of the past as samples of actual history. Westminster Abbey is a great piece of the middle of the thirteenth century still projecting above the later strata of English life and effort. Periods of art are those in which a process of development has been set up by which certain ideals have been followed for generations and centuries, so that possibilities of thought-expression have been continuously explored and built up. In such great arts are crystallised the aspiration and consciousness of an era of national life.

W. R. LETHBRIDGE : *Medieval Art* (Duckworth).

* In the year 1255-6 five casks of wine were to have been returned to John of Gloucester, mason, for the five which the king took at Oxford. We know that John had been engaged at Woodstock, and the record gives us a fascinating glimpse of the king drinking the mason's wine, which we may suppose was good.

BRIDGE-BUILDING.

IN the Middle Ages the building of bridges was considered a charitable deed, for travellers were looked upon as unfortunates deserving of pity.

A religious order of Pontife brothers or makers of bridges (*pons*, a bridge) was founded and spread over the continent. Among other bridges they built the famous one over the Rhone at Avignon, and several of their bridges are intact to this day.

Though we had no branch of the Bridge Friars in England, there are many instances of this work being carried out by the pious, and the Clergy remitted penalties on their sins for such work. The Guild of the Holy Cross in Birmingham founded under Richard II., two centuries later, maintained and kept in good reparation "two great stone bridges and divers foul and dangerous highways, whereof the town itself was not able to maintain."

There is always something very beautiful and fascinating about the shape of a simple and dignified bridge where the engineer or builder wished to span some difficult space and carried out his work with that economy of means demanded by his material and conditions.

How different, alas, it often is with our modern bridges where either the local authority or the architect feels that he must put on architectural features to make it harmonise, as he says, with its surroundings. Perhaps our most glaring example of this is the Tower Bridge, a fine steel structure which was cased with a mongrel Gothic stonework and is now a glaring example of unfitness and false construction. Compare this work with the Forth Bridge, with its glorious springing cantilevers spanning the great river mouth, and the bare honesty of its members which thrill one not merely by their size, but by some touch of genius, nay, beauty, which the engineer has added to his work.

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LONDON BRIDGE.

REGARDING the building of London Bridge, Stowe in his "Survey of London," writes :—

"About the year 1176, the stone bridge over the river Thames at London was begun to be founded by the aforesaid Peter of Colechurch, near the bridge of timber, but somewhat more to the West. The King assisted this work, a Cardinal then being Legate here, and Richard Archbishop of Canterbury, gave one thousand marks towards the foundation. This work having been thirty-three years in building, was, in the year 1209 finished by the worthy Merchants of London, Serle Mercer, William Almaine and Benedict Botewrite, principal masters of that work ; for Peter of Colechurch died four years before it was finished and was buried in the chapel built on the same bridge in the year 1205."

It appears that these men, on the king's recommendation entrusted the work to a Frenchman, Isembert, as is recorded in the following document :—

"John, by the grace of God, king, etc., greeting. Considering how the Lord in a short time has wrought in regard to the bridge of Saintes and Rochelle by the great care and pains of our faithful, learned and worthy clerk Isembert, master of the schools of Saintes, we, therefore, by the advice of your reverend father in Christ, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and that of others, have desired, directed and enjoined him to use his best endeavours in building your bridge, for your benefit and that of the public : for we trust in the Lord that this bridge, so necessary for you and all who shall pass the same, will, through his industry and the divine blessing, soon be finished. . . . Witness myself, etc., 18 April, 1201."

(Entinck's History of London)

This is the bridge which, though many times repaired, lasted on into the eighteenth century.

CLOPTON BRIDGE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

"HUGH CLOPTON aforesayd made alsoe the great sumptuous bridge upon the Avon at the east ende of the towne, which hath 14 great arches of stone and a long causey made of stone, lowe walled on each side, at the west ende of the bridge.

"Afor the tyme of Hugh Clopton there was but a poore bridge of tymber, and no causey to come to it; whereby many poore folkes and other refused to come to Stratford when Avon was up, or cominge hither stood in jeopardye of lyfe." Thus Leland* describes the bridge at Stratford-on-Avon which is still in use to-day. Elsewhere he tells us that this Hugh Clopton, who flourished in the fifteenth century, among other works "newly reedified" Trinity Chapel and "builded also by the North syde of this chappell a praty House of Bricke and Tyndre, wherein he lived in his latter dayes and dyed." This fact is of interest to us as later on William Shakespeare purchased the house (then known as New Palace), and spent *his* last years there, after retiring from the stage.

THE MASONS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

ILLUSTRATIONS of building operations in the Middle Ages bring out the interest in the work, and the ignoring of architects' plans. In the Manuscript Gallery at the British Museum such a picture appears by accident on the page shown of Lydgate's "Metrical Life of St. Edmund, King and Martyr," written on the occasion of the visit of Henry VI. to Bury St. Edmunds (Harl. 2278). The picture shows masons in white smocks and aprons, some having black caps and one a white coif. They are mixing mortar with a wooden spade, cutting stone with an axe, on a banker like a butcher's block, lifting a column by a pulley and spok'd axle guided by a man on a wattled hurdle

* Died 1552.

scaffold stage, another man plasters an external face with a trowel. The king with his crown on inspects the completed and rising structures (some being wood framed), closely attended by two chief workmen also in white garments, but of superior fashion and having ornamental belts. One of these, a wise-looking old person with a white beard, is evidently the head mason. There are no plans, and yet the King lifts his hands in astonished admiration. The MS. tells of the site :—

“All the fieldis, sowyn rond a bouté
And lond arable, a full large space.”

It then passes to the founding of the new town :—

“Also beside the Wellis as I fynde
At his coming he bilt a roil ton
Which stant ther yet for a manier mynde
Ffor his arryvaile, into this Region
Which is this day, called Hundstantston.”

A picture from Ely, now exhibited among the “Primitives” at the Royal Academy, shows St. Ethelreda directing the building of the first church at Ely. All the masons have white aprons, the stones are wrought with axes on blocks, one mason sets a stone with a square, another lays mortar with a trowel. Again the employer shows approval of the work, although as before there are no plans and no office, and in this case no chief master appears.

• W. R. LETHABY: *The Building Art: Theories and Discussions* (“The Builder,” November 2nd, 1923).

A MEDIÆVAL CHURCH.

WE entered the church through the south porch under a round-arched door carved very richly, and with a sculpture over the doorway and under the arch, which, as far as I could see by the moonlight, figured St. Michael and the Dragon. As I came into the rich gloom of the nave, I noticed for the first time that I had one of those white poppies in my hand; I must have taken it out of the pot by the window as I passed out of Will Green’s house.

The nave was not very large, but it looked spacious too; it was somewhat old, but well built and handsome; the roof of curved wooden rafters with great tie-beams going from wall to wall. There was no light in it but that of the moon streaming through the windows, which were by no means large, and were glazed with white fretwork, with here and there a little figure in very deep rich colours. Two larger windows near the east end of each aisle had just been made so that the church grew lighter toward the east, and I could see all the work on the great screen between the nave and chancel which glittered bright in new paint and gilding; a candle glimmered in the loft above it, before the huge rood that filled up the whole space between the loft and the chancel-arch. There was an altar at the east end of each aisle, the one on the south side standing against the outside wall, the one on the north against a traceried gaily-painted screen, for that aisle ran on along the chancel. There were a few oak benches, near this second altar, seemingly just made, and well carved and moulded; otherwise the floor of the nave which was paved with a quaint pavement of glazed tiles like the cloaks I had seen outside as to ware, was quite clear, and the shafts of the arches rose out of it white and beautiful under the moon as though out of a sea, dark but with gleams struck over it.

The priest let me linger and look round, when he had crossed himself and given me the holy water; and then I saw that the walls were figured all over with stories, a huge St. Christopher with his black beard looking like Will Green, being close to the porch by which we entered, and above the chancel arch the Doom of the Last Day, in which the painter had not spared either kings or bishops, and in which a lawyer with his blue coif was one of the chief figures in the group which the Devil was hauling off to hell. . . .

* * * * *

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For some little time, although I had known that the daylight was growing and what was around me, I had scarce seen the things I had before noted so keenly ; but now in a flash I saw all the east crimson with sunrise through the white window on my right hand ; the richly carved stalls, and gilded screen work, the pictures on the walls, the loveliness of the faultless colour of the mosaic window lights, the altar and the red light over it looking strange in the daylight, and the biers with the hidden dead men upon them that lay before the high altar. A great pain filled my heart at the sight of all that beauty, and withal I heard quick steps coming up the paved church-path to the porch, and the loud whistle of a sweet old tune therewith ; then the footsteps stopped at the door ; I heard the latch rattle, and knew that Will Green's hand was on the ring of it. Then I strove to rise up, but fell back again ; a white light, empty of all sights, broke upon me for a moment, and lo ! behold, I was lying in my familiar bed, the south-westerly gale rattling the Venetian blinds and making their hold-fasts squeak.

I got up presently, and going to the window looked out on the winter morning ; the river was before me broad between outer bank and bank, but it was nearly dead ebb, and there was a wide space of mud on each side of the hurrying stream, driven on the faster as it seemed by the push of the south-west wind. On the other side of the water the few willow-trees left us by the Thames Conservancy looked doubtfully alive against the bleak sky and the row of wretched looking blue-slatted houses, although, by the way, the latter were the backs of a sort of street of "villas" and not a slum ; the road in front of the house was sooty and muddy at once, and in the air was that sense of dirty discomfort which one is never quit of in London. The morning was harsh too and though the wind was from the south-west it was as cold as a north wind ; and yet amidst it all, I thought of the corner of the next bight of the

river which I could not quite see from where I was, but over which one can see clear of houses and into Richmond Park looking like the open country ; and dirty as the river was, and harsh as was the January wind, they seemed to woo me toward the country side, where away from the miseries of the "Great Wen" I might of my own will carry on a day-dream of the friends I had made in the dream of the night and against my will. But as I turned away shivering and down-hearted, on a sudden came the frightful noise of the "hooters," one after the other, that call the workmen to the factories, this one the after-breakfast one, more by token. So I grinned surlily, and dressed and got ready for my day's "work" as I call it, but which many a man besides John Ruskin (though not many in his position) would call "play."

WILLIAM MORRIS : *A Dream of John Ball* (Longmans, Green). By permission of the Trustees.

HOW A WORLD'S MASTERPIECE WAS ORDERED.

THE sumptuous monument of the Earl in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick consists of a Purbeck marble tomb adorned with gilt-latten weepers with enamelled scutcheons of their arms, with figures of angels between, surmounted by a gilt-latten effigy of the Earl himself within a hearse of the same metal with enamelled scutcheons on the ends of the horizontal bars ; there are similar bars set up at the four corners of the tomb.

The marble tomb was contracted for in May, 1457, by John Bourde of Corfe Castle, marbler, who undertook to do all the work and workmanship about the same tomb, "according to a portraiture delivered him," together with its step, and to convey it to Warwick and set it up there, for £45.

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The fourteen gilt-latten "images embossed of Lords and Ladyes in divers vestures, called Weepers, to stand in housings made about the tomb," and the intermediate eighteen lesser images of angels, were undertaken by a covenant dated 14th March, 1451-2 by William Austen, citizen and founder of London, at a cost of 13/4d. for every weeper and 5/- for every angel. He also undertook to make the hearse above and about the principal image at 10d. a lb., and for the "setting" of the said images and hearse was to have £18 16s. 8d. The fourteen gilded and enamelled scutcheons to be set under the weepers were made by Bartholomew Lambespring, Dutchman and goldsmith of London, for 15/- each, or £10 10s. 0d. in all. The great image of the Earl was the work of William Austen, who covenanted on 11th February, 1449-50 "to cast and make an image of a man armed, of fine latten, garnished with certain ornaments, viz., with sword and dagger, with a Garter, with a helme and crest under his head, and at his feet a bear muzzled and a griffin, perfectly made of the finest latten according to patterns," at a total cost, including its carriage to Warwick and laying on the tomb, of £10. Further contracts provided for the honing, polishing, and making ready for gilding of the said image, for £23, and of similar work upon the thirty-two images about the tomb for £20. The executors were to find all the gold for gilding, which was to cost, for the smaller figures £51 8s. 4d., and for the great image of the Earl £95 2s. 8d.

The large latten plate "under the image that shall lie on the same tomb and two long narrow plates to go round about the stone to contain all such scripture of declaration" as the executors may devise, together with "an hearse to be dressed and set upon the said stone over the image, to beare a covering to be ordeyned," made "after an hearse of timber, which the executors shall make for a pattern," having "in ten panells of the latten hearse in the most finest and fairest wise ten scutcheons of arms such as the executors

will devise," were undertaken by covenant dated 13th June 1454 by John Essex marbler of London, William Austen founder of London, and Thomas Stevyns coppersmith of London, including the making, finishing, gilding, laying and fastening, for £125. The total cost of this most sumptuous monument, which is not only quite perfect, but the finest of its kind in England, was therefore to be £412 14s. 8d.

From the Preface to the *Pageant of the Birth, Life and Death of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, K.G.* (1389-1439), edited by the Viscount Dillon, C.H., and the late Sir William St. John Hope (Longmans Green)

AN ARCHITECT OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ABERDEEN.

MAY 4th, 1484 Master John Gray, mason, was received by the aldermen, baillies, council, and community of Aberdeen as master of the work in the building of St. Nicholas Church; who has taken upon him to be continually labouring and diligent for the upbringing of the said work, both in labouring of his own person, devising, besceing, and overseeing of other masons and workmen that shall be under him, for all the days of his life. For the which thing to be done he has given the great bodily oath. And the said master of work shall labour himself and see that other workmen under him labour daily and continually and for the which labours and service to be done by the said master of work, the said aldermen, baillies, council, and community have promised to give yearly to the said master of work for his fee twenty pounds, and give marks as a present, for all expenses, and during all the days he has to live, until the said work be complete to be paid to him at four terms of the year, proportionally as he and they shall accord best thereupon.

Aberdeen Records.

THE CHOIR STALLS AT AMIENS.

WHATEVER you wish to see, or are forced to leave unseen, at Amiens, if the overwhelming responsibilities of your existence, and the inevitable necessities of precipitate locomotion in their fulfilment, have left you so much as one quarter of an hour, not out of breath—for the contemplation of the capital of Picardy, give it wholly to the cathedral choir. Aisles and porches, lancet windows and roses, you can see elsewhere as well as here—but such carpenter's work, you cannot. It is late—fully developed flamboyant just past the fifteenth century—and has some Flemish stolidity mixed with the playing French fire of it ; but wood-carving was the Picard's joy from his youth up, and, so far as I know, there is nothing else so beautiful cut out of the goodly trees of the world.

Sweet and young-grained wood it is : oak, *trained* and chosen for such work, sound now as four hundred years since. Under the carver's hand it seems to cut like clay, to fold like silk, to grow like living branches, to leap like living flame. Canopy crowning canopy, pinnacle piercing pinnacle—it shoots and wreathes itself into an enchanted glade, inextricable, imperishable, fuller of leafage than any forest, and fuller of story than any book.

NOTE.—Arnold Boulín, master-joiner (*menuisier*) at Amiens, solicited the enterprise, and obtained it in the first months of the year 1508. A contract was drawn and an agreement made with him for the construction of one hundred and twenty stalls with historical subjects, high backings, crownings, and pyramidal canopies. It was agreed that the principal executor should have seven sous of Tournay (a little less than the sou of France) a day, for himself and his apprentice (three pence a day the two—say a shilling a week the master, and sixpence a week the man), and for the superintendence of the whole work twelve crowns a year, at the rate of twenty-four sous the crown ; (i.e., twelve shillings a year). The salary of the simple

workman was only to be three sous a day. For the sculptures and histories of the seats, the bargain was made separately with Antoine Avernier, image-cutter, residing at Amiens, at the rate of thirty-two sous (sixteen pence) the piece. Most of the wood came from Clermont en Beauvoisis, near Amiens; the finest for the bas-reliefs, from Holland, by St. Valery and Abbeville. The Chapter appointed four of its own members to superintend the work: Jean Dumas, Jean Fabres, Pierre Vuaille, and Jean Lenglaché, to whom my authors (canons both) attribute the choice of subjects, the placing of them, and the initiation of the workmen "au sens véritable et plus élevé de la Bible ou des légendes, et portant quelque fois le simple savoir-faire de l'ouvrier jusqu'à la hauteur du génie du théologien." Without pretending to apportion the credit of savoir-faire and theology in the business, we have only to observe that the whole company, master, apprentices, workmen, image-cutter, and four canons, got well into traces, and set to work on the 3rd of July, 1508, in the great hall of the évêché, which was to be the workshop and studio during the whole time of the business. In the following year, another menuisier, Alexander Huct, was associated with the body, to carry on the stalls on the right hand of the choir, while Arnold Boulin went on with those on the left. Arnold, leaving his new associate in command for a time, went to Beauvais and St. Riquier, to see the woodwork there; and in July, 1511, both the masters went to Rouen together, "pour étudier les chaires de la cathédrale." The year before, also, two Franciscans, monks of Abbeville, "expert and renowned in working in wood," had been called by the Amiens chapter to give their opinion on things in progress, and had each twenty sous for his opinion, and travelling expenses.

In 1516, another and an important name appears on the accounts, that of Jean Trupin, "a simple workman at the wages of three sous a day," but doubtless a good and

spirited carver, whose true portrait it is without doubt, and by his own hand, that forms the elbow rest of the 85th stall (right hand, nearest apse), beneath which is cut his name JHAN TRUPIN, and again under the 92nd stall, with the added wish, "Jan Trupin, God take care of thee" (*Dieu te Pourvoie*).

The entire work was ended on St. John's day, 1522, without (so far as we hear), any manner of interruption by dissension, death, dishonesty, or incapacity, among its fellow workmen, master or servant. And the accounts being audited by four members of the Chapter, it was found that the total expense was 9,488 livres, 11 sous, and 3 obols (décimes), or 474 napoleons, 11 sous, 3 décimes of modern French money, or roughly four hundred sterling English pounds. For which sum, you perceive, a company of probably six or eight good workmen, old and young, had been kept merry and busy for fourteen years, and this that you see—left for substantial result and gift to you.

I have not examined the carvings so as to assign, with any decision, the several masters' work; but in general the flower and leaf design in the traceries will be by the two head menuisiers, and their apprentices; the elaborate Scripture histories by Avernier, with variously completing incidental grotesque by Trupin; and the joining and fitting by the common workmen. No nails are used—all is morticed, and so beautifully that the joints have not moved to this day, and are still almost imperceptible. The four terminal pyramids "you might take for giant pines forgotten for six centuries on the soil where the church was built; they might be looked on at first as a wild luxury of sculpture and hollow traceries,—but examined in analysis they are marvels of order and system in construction, uniting all the lightness, strength and grace of the most renowned spires in the last epoch of the Middle Ages."

The above particulars are all extracted—or simply translated, out of the excellent description of the "*Stalles et*

les *Clôtures du Chœur*” of the Cathedral of Amiens, by MM. les Chanoines Jourdain et Duval (Amiens, Vv. Alfred Caron, 1867). The accompanying lithographic outlines are exceedingly good, and the reader will find the entire series of subjects indicated with precision and brevity, both for the woodwork and the external veil of the choir, of which I have no room to speak in this traveller’s summary.

JOHN RUSKIN : *The Bible of Amiens*
(George Allen & Unwin).

KING’S COLLEGE WINDOWS.

From p. 40 of *King’s College Chapel*, by T. J. P. Carter, 1867. Contract (A.D. 1526) of four London glaziers with the College Authorities.

THE said glasyers shalle at their own propre costes and charges well, surely, clesely, workmanly, substauncyally, curiously, and sufficiently glase and sett up, or cause to be glazed and sett up eightene wyndowes of the upper story of the great church within the kynge’s college of Cambridge, whercof the wyndowe in the este end of the seid church to be oon, and the wyndowe in the west ende of the same church to be another ; and so seryally* the resydue with good, clene, sure and perfyte glasse and oryent† colors and imagery of the story of the olde lawe and of the newe lawe after the forme, maner, goodness, curiosytie, and clenelyness in every poynt of the glass wyndowes of the kynge’s newe chapell at Westmynster ; and also accordingly and after such manner as oon Barnard Flower glasyer, late deceased, by indenture stode bounde^{to} doo : that is to sey, six of the seid wyndowes to be clerely lette up and fynysshed after the forme aforesaid within twelve moneths next ensuyng after the date of these presents, and that the seid Galyon, Richard, Thomas Reve and James Nycholson shall surely

* Seriatum.

† Brilliant.

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bynde all the seid wyndowes with double bondes of leade for defence of great wyndes and outrageous wetheringes . . . The aforeseid shall have for the glasse, workmanship and setting up every foot of the seid glasse by them to be provided, wrought, and sette up after the form abovesaid eightene pence sterlinges.

G. G. COULTON: *Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation* (Cambridge Press).

ELIZABETHIAN TIMBER HOUSES.

OUR workmen are grown generally to such an excellency of device in the frames now made that they far surpass the finest of the old. And such is their husbandry in dealing with their timber, that the same stuff which in time past was rejected as crooked, unprofitable, and of no use but for the fire, doth now come in the front and best part of the work (that is as curved braces). Whereby the common saying is likewise in these days verified in our mansion houses, which erst was said only of the timber for ships, that "no oak can grow so crooked but it falleth out to some use" and that necessary to the navy . . .

Of all oak growing in England the park oak is the softest and far more spalt and brittle than the hedge oak. And of all in Essex, that growing in Bardfield Park is the finest for Joiners' craft; for oftentimes have I seen of their work made of that oak as fine and fair as most of the wainscot that is brought hither out of Denmark: for our wainscot is not made in England. Nevertheless, in building, so will the hedge as the park oak go all one way, and never so much hath been spent in a hundred years before as in ten years of our time; for everyman almost is a builder, and he that hath bought any small parcell of ground, be it never so little, will not be quiet till he have pulled down the old house (if any were there standing) and set up a new after his own device. But whereunto will all this curiosity come?

WILLIAM HARRISON: *A Description of England* (1580).

CRAFTSMEN ALL

A CARPENTER ARCHITECT.

GEORGE KEMP, the architect of the Scott Monument at Edinburgh, was but a village carpenter, and so was much objected to by his superiors, who desired that some professional of eminence should be employed, and not a common man of great ability, whose work and powers were much above their mental range. Kemp was a composer only of the "inferior class," and yet his composition is superior in every quality, excepting expensiveness, to the memorial in Hyde Park.

JOHN T. EMMETT : *Six Essays*
(1891, Privately Printed).

A MASON ARCHITECT.

THE Parish Church of Mousa, in the island of Malta is a remarkable instance of a building erected in the same manner and according to the exact principles which covered Europe with beautiful edifices during the Middle Ages. The real architect of the building was the village mason, Angelo Gatt. Like a master mason in the Middle Ages, or those men who build the most exquisite tombs or temples in India at the present day, *he can neither read nor write nor draw*. But following his own constructive instincts, and the dictates of commonsense, he has successfully carried out every part of the building. It was he who insisted on erecting the dome* without scaffolding, and showed how it could be done by simply notching each course on to the one below it. With true mediæval enthusiasm, he was content to devote his whole time to the erection of this great edifice, receiving only fifteen pence a day for twenty years.

JAMES FERGUSSON : *History of Modern Architecture*.

* The Dome is one-third greater than that of St. Paul's Cathedral.

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WORK AND CREATIVE POETRY.

IN classic and mediæval times, and even now where architectural beauty most abounds, the builders always have been workmen, paid in wages or by salary, living at their work, and taking constant interest in it; knowing little else perhaps, but knowing their own workman's practice well. They used a popular artistic language, and expressed their thoughts and feelings with the habitual amplitude and ease of perfect culture. Such artistic skill was universal. Workmen of all trades were from their childhood educated by their work; their thoughts were always passing into handicraft, and so expression came unconsciously. The upper classes naturally learnt the language of the populace, the universal rule.

Expression, verbal or artistic, has its origin in individual requirement and custom formulates it; general use begets facility of utterance, and then felicity of thought; and thus alike in literature and art, creative poetry proceeds. Thus in all ages art has been the heritage and honour of the working men before all ranks and classes of society; and when these men again are free to work with artisan intelligence *their* best and most refined intellects will rise to observation, and be recognised by all men.

JOHN T. EMMETT: *Six Essays*
(1891 Privately Printed).

IMITATION GOTHIC.

YOU must feel the beauty of great architecture if you are to see the dreariness of sham architecture. You must feel the beauty of Chartres if you are going to see the dreariness of Worcester. If you do not see the beauty of the real thing, you cannot see the dullness of the sham. I like to tell people this in the hope that I may arouse a conviction of sin in them. And, if once they grasp the fact

that if you imitate anything you will fail to imitate the art in it, they will grasp also the great truth that any kind of architecture will go with real Gothic—except sham Gothic. It is a curious paradox that, in the effort to make our churches congruous, we have produced the one style that will not go with any style—that is, imitative Gothic. All styles that are genuine will go together. . . . There is curious proof of this in a tomb in York Minster—I think it is the tomb of Archbishop Gray—early Gothic, about 1220. It is a very charming tomb, and the finials at the top of it had been damaged; so, about 1820, an Italian sculptor finished the finials in stucco. You would not expect this to succeed, but it does. The man did not care a scrap about Gothic or any style, but he thought it a beautiful tomb; and he made a design of his own to finish it; and the effect is charming. He was an original artist; he had no purpose of imitation, but he had an inspiration how to mend the tomb; and it is the most successful piece of restoration I have ever seen because it bears no possible resemblance to the original. . . .

I do not care what vulgarity is produced—I go as far as that—frank vulgarity would be better than mere imitation. If it produced vulgarities instead of gentilities—and I think vulgarities better than gentilities—it would be leading somewhere, whereas the imitation of Gothic leads nowhere. It cuts the architect off from the whole of that future which he might enter into.

Our modern Gothic reminds me of the genteel manners of people out to tea and uneasy because they do not know how to hold their teacups. It is more Gothic than real Gothic; just as people who are not quite sure of their attitudes put them in where they are not wanted. That kind of gentility I contend is worse than frank vulgarity, and I would rather have the vulgarity of churches in Italy—I go as far as that—than our sham Gothic in England. That

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vulgarity is not suppressed—anybody can see how blatant it is. Nobody can pretend it is not as bad as it can be. It is much harder to convert people from gentility than from vulgarity because they think it is the right thing; I know it is very difficult to convert people from sham Gothic.

A. CLUTTON BROCK: *A Paper read at the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings*

WORKSHOP MEMORIES OF A MODERN MASON.

WORKING upon stonework is exceedingly interesting, absorbing the whole of one's attention, especially to a young inexperienced mason; it is so easy to cut away something which should have remained on. The shop foreman, of course, keeps a watchful eye upon it during its progress, occasionally walking in and out between the bankers and giving hints when necessary. Take, as an example, an important part of an arch, known to the mason as a "groined springer," a simple-looking object when completed, but requiring care in setting it out, and cutting the various shapes from sheets of zinc. The usual procedure is to set out the arch to its actual full size, in plan, section and elevation, on a large setting-out board. The foreman, or setter-out, then lays his sheet of zinc upon the board, reproduces the lines upon the zinc, cuts the various pieces to the required shape, and marks them thus, "bottom bed mould," "top bed," "face mould," "section or joint mould," etc., etc. Mouldings—deeply hollowed and undercut—can only be fashioned by the exercise of much care. To execute some of these mouldings, it becomes necessary to forge a special tool; and when one has learned to make and temper a chisel from an old steel file he has acquired a useful wrinkle. A block of stone of suitable dimensions is then selected and placed upon the mason's banker. The mason, with a few taps of his hammer

finding it to be free from flaws, proceeds to prepare a perfectly true surface which eventually becomes the bottom bed of his job. Then, in like manner, he will prepare another surface upon which he will lay the zinc "face mould" or template—as it is sometimes called—this will give him the main outline of his "groined springer." When this is cut in deep enough, a smaller mould is applied which will indicate the form, or outline, of another arch, it will also indicate the radiating line, which must be perfectly true, as it ultimately becomes one of the joints, or beds, of the arch stones (voussoirs). On this bed the mason will mark out the outline of the mouldings—if the arches are to have moulding. All this work will keep the mason busy for several days, or weeks, according to the texture of the stone. When this springer is ready to be turned off the banker it will be seen to give small portions of several arches or ribs, the line of which will be very thin at the springing level, but will grow bolder and expand as the arch rises higher, until it reaches its climax and intersects with other ribs at the apex.

The casual visitor to the Abbey of Westminster may look up to the stone ceiling of nave and transept with wonder and admiration, with little thought of the mason who wrought the first stone with mixed feelings of fear and delight; fear that he might make a false slip with his chisel and delight to find his work has passed the final test.

*From the Journal of the Clerks
of Works Association, Mar., 1925.*

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE FUTURE.

IF ever we are to have a time of architecture again, it must be founded on a love for the city, a worship of home and nation. No planting down of a few costly buildings, ruling some straight streets, provision of fountains, or setting up a number of stone and bronze dolls, is enough



PLATE IX.

The Gilt-Latten Effigy of the Earl of Warwick, which surmounts the tomb in the Beauchamp Chapel, St. Mary's Church, Warwick. (*See page 68.*)

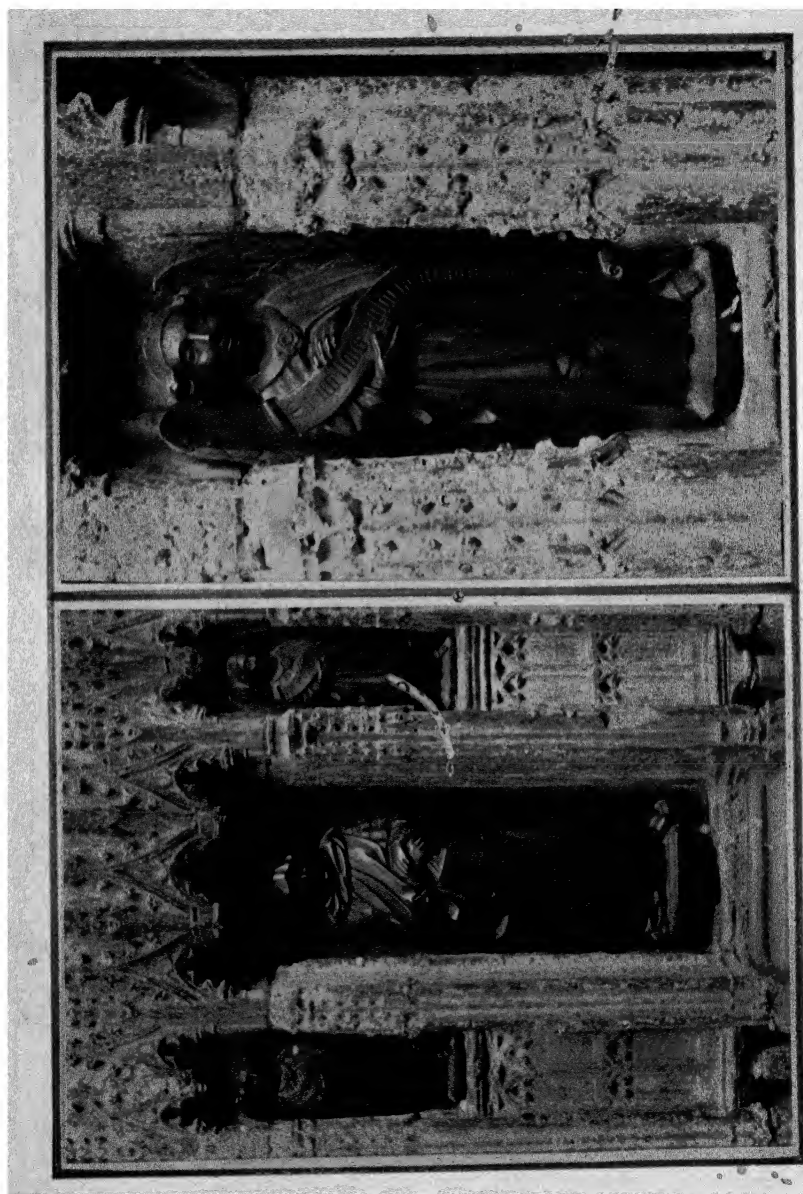


PLATE X.

One of the fourteen Gilt-Latten "Images of Lords and Ladies in divers vestures called Weepers," at 13/4 each, and angels at 5/- each from the Earl of Warwick's Tomb.
(See page 68.)

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without the enthusiasm for corporate life and common ceremonial. Every noble city has been a crystallisation of the contentment, pride and order of the community. A period of architecture is the time of a flowing tide.

If the municipalities would spend less on "art," and more on requiring fine quality in all ordinary forms of workmanship the situation would soon be improved. Cleaner streets and tidier railway stations would be better than all the knowledge of all styles. An endeavour to better the city in inducing civic patriotism would be sure in due time to bring a fit method of expression. When we see how powerful is an idea—the cause, order, form—to boys, it does seem possible that men too may organise themselves into lovers of the city, seekers after discipline. . . .

Through the ages when architecture was a direct and developing art, architects were masters of building, engineers, masons and carpenters, in immediate contact with materials. Experiment must be brought back once more as the centre of architecture, and architects must be trained as engineers are trained. It cannot be genius that is lacking to us. An age that can produce Watts' Physical Energy, Madox Brown's Manchester paintings, and the Forth Bridge, should be able to produce anything—anything that is, except the Tower Bridge as well.

W. R. LETHBRIDGE: *Architecture*. Home University Library (Williams & Norgate).

THE SOUL OF CITIES.

IN the history of an ancient town we march at the very end of a long procession, the rearguard of our ancestry, the vanguard of our successors. Yes, while the present is ours we must learn to look upon the future as more than ever ours too. Our descendants will profit by our forethought or suffer from our neglect, judging us as we judge the earlier figures on the vanished pageant of urban life.

CRAFTSMEN ALL

What better work can we achieve than make their path more easy, their homes more intimate, their public buildings more noble, their gardens more green—in a word, that the city they inherit from us shall be more honourable, stately and true. Of all earthly ideals that of the perfect city is the most romantic and inspiring, for it comprises the happiness of our race and the welfare of those who follow. The youngest, those nearest to ourselves, shall be the first to reap the harvest.

. . . . On either side the street
Which was exceeding fair and wide
Sweet mansions there mine eyes did meet,
Green trees the shaded doors did hide,
My chiefest joys
Were girls and boys,
That in those streets still up and down do play
Which crowned the town with constant holiday.

THE EARL OF CRAWFORD : *The Soul of Cities* (Bulletin of the John Rylands' Library, Vol. 9, No. 1, Jan. 1925)

M E T A L W O R K

WHERE now are the wise one's, Weland's
 bones,
The worker in gold once greatest in glory ?
I ask where the bones of Weland are buried ;
For never any that on earth liveth
May lose any virtue lent him by Christ ;
Nor may one poor wretch be robbed with more
 case
Of his soul's virtue, than may the sun
Be swung from his path or the swift heavens
Moved from their courses by the might of a man.
Who now is aware of wise Weland's bones,
In what barrow lying they litter the ground ?

From the Lays of Boethius, translated by W. J.
SEDFIELD : *King Alfred's version of the Consolation*
of Boethius (Oxford Press 1900).

CAST IRON.

THE art of iron founding has interested me because it is one of our vastest resources, national in its importance; and on the other hand, degraded and scorned, it has become a commonplace of cant to decry it; until for the most part, it has become worthy of the disdain. But art is universal; to give up one corner of the field is to destroy the fair harvest; it is art which plait the straw final on the wheat stacks of the homestead as well as points the proudest steeple in the city. All materials are alike, if not equally, vehicles for the expression of art; each one of which can give us something simple and alone, something without which the world suffers lack.

The easy contempt we feel for iron is the direct result of our unworthy treatment of it. Yet sentimentally—and all art has to find out the intrinsic sentiment of phenomena and so interpret them in an exalted form—there is a certain mysterious appeal in iron. Iron stands for strength, simplicity, even severity, and, on its sinister side, for cruelty and terror. In the old apportionment of the seven metals to the seven planets iron belonged to Mars, as gold to the sun and silver to the moon. Chaucer rears his temple of Mars on iron pillars of the diameter of a barrel and polished.

“Every pillar the temple to sustain
Was ton-great, of iron bright and shene.
There saw I first the dark imagining
Of felonie, and all the compassing.”

Dante, too, builds of it, . . . “the moats profound. That circumvallate that disconsolate city.” We are not conscious of any mean reflection or association, but rather an exaltation of the imagination, when, in the curious myth of Mahomet’s coffin, we are told that it was of iron, sustained in the air by the equal attraction of the walls, ceiling, and floor, which were of lodestone: or in another eastern

METAL WORK

tale, "The City of Brass," where it says that an inscribed tablet of iron of China was suspended in front of the "Terrible Tomb." In the image interpreted by Daniel, iron stands for power. "Strong as iron, forasmuch as iron breaketh in pieces and subdueth all things." When in the fourth century a great Indian Raja set up the pillar of Delhi at, the true centre of the round world, to commemorate, as the inscription reads, having "obtained with his own arm an undivided sovereignty over the earth," a great shaft of iron was made which, still undecayed, forms one of the oldest of Indian records. The iron crown of Lombardy, or the cross of Germany, are further instances in which the mere name of the metal lends a mysterious and moving import of invincible sternness.

W. R. LETHABY: *Cast Iron and Its Treatment* (Journal of the Society of Arts, Feb. 14th, 1890. Bell).

A CLOCK-MAKER.

NOV. 27, 1713. Mr. Thompson of London, one of the most eminent persons for making clocks and watches that have been produced in the last age, died last week. Indeed he was the most skillfull person at his art in the whole world, and first of all brought watches to anything of perfection. He was originally a blacksmith, but a gentleman employing him to mend his clock, he did it extrordinarily well and told the gentleman that he believed he could make such another himself. Accordingly he did so, and this was his first beginning, he lived then in Buckinghamshire. He afterwards got a great name, lived in London, was acquainted with the famous Dr. Hooke, grew rich, and lived to a great age. He had a strange working head, and was well seen in mathematics.

Diaries of Thomas Hearn

CRAFTSMEN ALL

THE PROUD SMITH.

THE smith was a subtil sare
For full well could he work with firer
What men of him would desire,
I tell you truth by my fay.

He could work well with a mall
Many manner of metal.
Himself master did he call,
Withouten any peer.

Much boast 'gan he blow
And said he had no fellow
That could work worth a straw
To him, far nor near!

He called himself the King,
Without any lying,
Of all manner of cunning
Certainly and clear.

“For I am mast^{er} of all
That smiteth with hammer or mall,
And so may thou me call,
I tell thee verily. . .

“I saw him never with mine eye
That could work like I,
I tell thee full truly,
By night nor by day.”

From “The Smith and his Dame”; sometimes
ascribed to Lydgate. Slightly modernised from text
in Hazlitt's *Early Popular Poetry*.

METAL WORK

WINTER EMPLOYMENTS.

WOLVERHAMPTON is a very ancient town, situate on an hill, which is very well paved and inhabited. Here the trade of lock-making is carried on to great perfection ; as also is every other manufacture in brass and iron ; and the goods are exported all over Europe. . . . The market for iron-work is held weekly. Some of it is made in the town ; but the chief part is brought to the market by the farmers for several miles round it ; for in this country every farm has one forge or more ; so that the farmers carry on two very different businesses ; working at their forges as smiths, when they are not employed in the fields as farmers : and all their work they bring to market, where the great tradesmen buy it up, and send it to London.

DANIEL DEFOE : *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* (1724).

A WORKING ENGINEER.

“OLD EDWARD PEASE” as his friends familiarly called him, told me the story of his bargain with George Stephenson for the engineering of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. He said he had many interviews with “George” and had said, “Now George, do thee think it well over, and let me know what thee can oversee and complete this work for Parliament for. We do not want thee to lose by it, remember ; but thou must not forget that if thou succeed it will be the making of thee George, and thou must be moderate.”

Thus, one night, George came to my house and I sent him out some bread and cheese and beer into the kitchen, and then we had our conversation. George said he thought he could do it for about £80 and day-wages, and I accepted his proposal ; “and thee cannot fail to observe, Edward Watkin, that no such work has been done since” (the line and branches were, I think, twenty-five miles long) “for a hundred times the money.”

Sir Edward Watkin's *Memory of a Conversation with Edward Pease.*

you can allege, that can possibly induce me to believe what you affirm." I answered: "I will give your excellency a reason so satisfactory, that you will be able to conceive the full force of it." I thereupon began in these terms: "You know, my lord, that the nature of fire is to fly upwards; I therefore assure you that the head of Medusa will come out perfectly well. But as it is not the property of fire to descend, and it is necessary to force it down six cubits by art, hence I affirm that it is impossible that yon foot should ever come out; but it will be an easy matter for me to make a new one. The duke thereupon said: "Why did you not think of contriving to make that foot come out as well as the head?"—"I must, then," answered I, "have made the furnace much bigger, to be able to cast a piece of brass as thick as my leg, and with that weight of hot metal I should have made it come out by force; whereas, my brass, which goes down to the feet six cubits, as I mentioned before, is not above two inches thick. Therefore, it was not worth your notice, for it can soon be rectified; but when my mould is something more than half full, I have good hopes that from that half upwards, the fire mounting, by its natural property, the heads of Perseus and Medusa will come out admirably; and this you may depend upon." When I had laid before the duke all these reasons, with many more, which I for the sake of brevity omit, he shook his head, and departed.

I now took courage, resolving to depend on myself, and banished all those thoughts which from time to time occasioned me great inquietude, and made me sorely repent my ever having quitted France, with a view of assisting six poor nieces at Florence; which good intention proved the source and origin of all the misfortunes that afterwards befell me. However, I still flattered myself that if I could but finish my statue of Perseus, all my labours would be converted to delight, and meet with a glorious and happy reward. Thus, having recovered my vigour of mind, I

METAL WORK

exerted all my strength of body and of purse, though indeed I had but little money left, and began to purchase several loads of pine-wood from the pine-grove of the Serristori, hard by Monte Lupo; and whilst I was waiting for it, I covered my Perseus with the earth which I had prepared several months beforehand, that it might have its proper seasoning. After I had made its coat of earth, covered it well, and bound it properly with irons, I began by means of a slow fire to draw off the wax, which melted away by many vent-holes; for the more of these are made, the better the moulds are filled; and when I had entirely stripped off the wax, I made a sort of fence round my Perseus—that is, round the mould above-mentioned—of bricks, piling them one upon another, and leaving several vacuities for the fire to exhale at. I next began gradually to put on the wood, and kept a constant fire for two days and two nights, till the wax being quite off, and the mould well baked, I began to dig a hole to bury my mould in, and observed all those fine methods of proceeding that are prescribed by our art. When I had completely dug my hole, I took my mould, and by means of levers and strong cables directed it with care, and suspended it a cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung down to the very bottom of the furnace, and placed it with all the care and exactness I possibly could. After I had finished this part of my task, I began to make a covering of the very earth I had taken off, and in proportion as I raised the earth, I made vents for it, which are a sort of tubes of baked earth, generally used for conduits, and other things of a similar nature. As soon as I saw that I had placed it properly and that this manner of covering it, by putting on these small tubes in their proper places, was likely to answer, as also that my journeymen thoroughly understood my plan, which was very different from that of all other masters, and I was sure that I could depend upon them, I turned my thoughts to my furnace. I had caused it to be filled with several pieces of brass and bronze, and

heaped them upon one another in the manner taught us by our art, taking particular care to leave a passage for the flames, that the metal might the sooner assume its colour and dissolve into a fluid. Thus, I, with great alacrity, excited my men to lay on the pine-wood, which, because of the oiliness of the resinous matter that oozes from the pine-tree, and that my furnace was admirably well made, burned at such a rate, that I was continually obliged to run to and fro, which greatly fatigued me. I, however, bore the hardship; but to add to my misfortune, the shop took fire, and we were all very much afraid that the roof would fall in and crush us. From another quarter, that is, from the garden, the sky poured in so much rain and wind, that it cooled my furnace.

Thus did I contrive to struggle with these cross accidents for several hours, and exerted myself to such a degree that my constitution, though robust, could no longer bear such severe hardship, and I was suddenly attacked by a most violent intermitting fever; in short, I was so ill that I found myself under a necessity of lying down upon my bed. This gave me great concern, but it was unavoidable. I there-upon addressed myself to my assistants, who were about ten in number, consisting of masters who melted bronze, helpers, men from the country, and the journeymen that worked in the shop, amongst whom was Bernardino Manellini di Mugello, who had lived with me several years. After having recommended it to them all to take proper care of my business, I said to Bernardino: "My friend, be careful to observe the method which I have shown you, and use all possible expedition, for the metal will soon be ready. You cannot mistake: these other worthy men here will quickly make the tubes; with two such directors you can certainly contrive to pour out the hot metal by means of the mandriani or iron crooks; and I have no doubt but my mould will be filled completely. I find myself extremely ill, and really believe that in a few hours this severe disorder

will put an end to my life." Thus I left them in great sorrow, and went to bed. I then ordered the maids to carry victuals and drink into the shop for all the men, and told them I did not expect to live till the next morning. They encouraged me notwithstanding, assuring me that my disorder would not last, as it was only the effect of over-fatigue. In this manner did I continue for two hours in a violent fever, which I every moment perceived to increase; and I was incessantly crying out, "I am dying, I am dying."

My housekeeper, whose name was Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, was one of the most sensible and affectionate women in the world; she rebuked me for giving way to vain fears, and at the same time attended me with the greatest kindness and care imaginable: however, seeing me so very ill and terrified to such a degree, she could not contain herself, but shed a flood of tears, which she endeavoured to conceal from me. Whilst we were both in this deep affliction, I perceived a man enter the room, who in his person appeared to be as crooked and distorted as a great S, and began to express himself in these terms, with a tone of voice as dismal and melancholy as those who exhort and pray with persons who are going to be executed: "Alas! poor Benvenuto, your work is spoiled, and the misfortune admits of no remedy."

No sooner had I heard the words uttered by this messenger of evil, but I cried out so loud that my voice might be heard to the skies, and got out of bed. I began immediately to dress, and giving plenty of kicks and cuffs to the maid-servants and the boy as they offered to help me on with my clothes, I complained bitterly in these terms: "O you envious and treacherous wretches, this is a piece of villainy contrived on purpose; but I swear by the living God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die give such proofs who I am as shall not fail to astonish the whole world." Having huddled on my clothes, I went with a mind boding evil to the shop, where I found all those whom I had left so

alert and in such high spirits, standing in the utmost confusion and astonishment. I thereupon addressed them thus : "Listen all of you to what I am going to say; and since you either would not or could not follow the method I pointed out, obey me now that I am present : my work is before us, and let none of you offer to oppose or contradict me, for such cases as this require activity and not counsel." Hereupon one Alessandro Lastricati had the assurance to say to me : "Look you, Benvenuto, you have undertaken a work which our art cannot compass, and which is not to be effected by human power."

Hearing these words, I turned round in such a passion and seemed so bent upon mischief that both he and all the rest unanimously cried out to me : "Give your orders, and we will all second you in whatever you command : we will assist you as long as we have breath in our bodies." These kind and affectionate words they uttered, as I firmly believe, in a persuasion that I was upon the point of expiring. I went directly to examine the furnace, and saw all the metal in it concreted. I thereupon ordered two of the helpers to step over the way to Capretta, a butcher, for a load of young oak, which had been above a year drying, and had been offered me by Maria Ginevra, wife to the said Capretta.

Upon his bringing me the first bundles of it, I began to fill the grate. This sort of oak makes a brisker fire than any other wood whatever ; but the wood of elder-trees and pine-trees is used in casting artillery, because it makes a mild and gentle fire. As soon as the concreted metal felt the power of this violent fire, it began to brighten and glitter. In another quarter I made them hurry the tubes with all possible expedition and sent some of them to the roof of the house to take care of the fire, which through the great violence of the wind had acquired new force ; and towards the garden I had caused some tables with pieces of tapestry and old clothes to be placed, in order to shelter me from the rain. As soon as I had applied the proper remedy to each

evil, I, with a loud voice, cried out to my men to bestir themselves and lend a helping hand ; so that when they saw that the concreted metal began to melt again, the whole body obeyed me with such zeal and alacrity that every man did the work of three. Then I caused a mass of pewter weighing about sixty pounds to be thrown upon the metal in the furnace, which with the other helps, as the brisk wood fire, and stirring it sometimes with iron, and sometimes with long poles, soon became completely dissolved. Finding that, contrary to the opinion of my ignorant assistants, I had effected what seemed as difficult as to raise the dead, I recovered my vigour to such a degree that I no longer perceived whether I had any fever, nor had I the least apprehension of death. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and a glittering of fire flashed before our eyes, as if it had been the darting of a thunderbolt. Upon the appearance of this extraordinary phenomenon, terror seized on all present, and on none more than myself. This tremendous noise being over, we began to stare at each other, and perceived that the cover of the furnace had burst and flown off, so that the bronze began to run.

I immediately caused the mouths of my mould to be opened ; but finding that the metal did not run with its usual velocity, and apprehending that the cause of it was that the fusibility of the metal was injured by the violence of the fire, I ordered all my dishes and porringers, which were in number about two hundred, to be placed one by one before my tubes, and part of them to be thrown into the furnace ; upon which all present perceived that my bronze was completely dissolved, and that my mould was filling ; they now with joy and alacrity assisted and obeyed me. I, for my part, was sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, giving my directions and assisting my men, before whom I offered up this prayer ; “O God, I address myself to Thee, Who, of Thy Divine power, didst rise from the dead, and ascend in glory to heaven. I acknowledge in

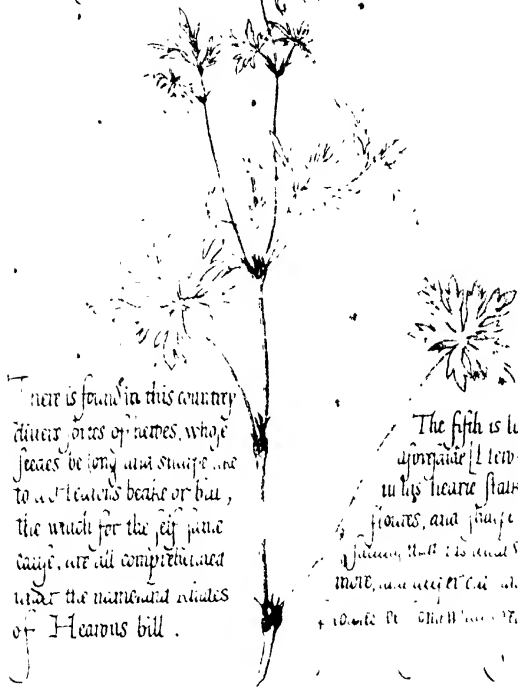
gratitude this mercy that my mould has been filled : I fall prostrate before Thee, and with my whole heart return thanks to Thy Divine Majesty." My prayer being over, I took a plate of meat which stood upon a little bench, and ate with a great appetite. I then drank with all my journey-men and assistants, and went joyful and in good health to bed ; for there were still two hours of night ; and I rested as well as if I had been troubled with no manner of disorder.

My good housekeeper, without my having given any orders had provided a young capon for my dinner. When I arose, which was not till about noon, she accosted me in high spirits, and said merrily : "Is this the man that thought himself dying ? It is my firm belief that the cuffs and kicks which you gave us last night, when you were quite frantic and possessed, frightened away your fever, which, apprehending lest you should fall upon it in the same manner, took to flight." So my whole poor family, having got over such panics and hardships, without delay procured earthen vessels to supply the place of the pewter dishes and porringers, and we all dined together very cheerfully ; indeed, I do not remember having ever in my life eaten a meal with greater satisfaction, or with a better appetite. After dinner, all those who had assisted me in my work came and congratulated me upon what had happened, returned thanks to the Divine Being, for having interposed so mercifully in our behalf, and declared that they had in theory and practice learnt such things as were judged impossible by other masters. I thereupon thought it allowable to boast a little of my knowledge and skill in this fine art, and, pulling out my purse, satisfied all my workmen for their labour.

My mortal enemy, Pier Francesco Riccio, the Duke's steward, was very eager to know how the affair had turned out ; so that the two whom I suspected of being the cause of my metal's concreting in the manner above related, told him that I was not a man, but rather a downright devil, for I had compassed that which was not in the power of art to

Long-stalked Crane's-bill
or Grinnium

Crane's bill [Powers],
Grinnium



There is found in this country
several sorts of nettles, whose
leaves be long and sinuif, and
to a Leech's beake or bill,
the which for the self same
cause, are all comprehended
under the name of Nettles
of Hecorus bill.

The fifth is like to the
aspurgate [L. Robert],
in his heart stalkes, round
flowers, and sinuif leaves,
which is also called
more, and is called and is
called the Nettles of Hecorus

PLATE XL

A MODERN MANUSCRIPT.

The lettering is by Edward Johnston and the drawing by Olof Johnston.
(C. 74. 1. 9)

Like as a shipman in stormy weather plukes downe the sailes tarynge
 for beate wind, so did I, most noble King, in my vnsfortun
 chance a thurday pluked downe the sailes of my ioy, after
 and do trust one day that as trouble some winces Kinge reuoke
 me backward, so a gentill winde wil brinde me forward to
 my haven. Two chiefe occasions moued me muche and
 grieved me greatly, the one for that I doubted your Maestie
 be the, the other because for al my longe tarynge I wente
 without that I came for, of the first I am ~~not~~ relieved in
 a parte, bothe that I vnderstande of your helthe and also
 that your Maesties loggmo is fur fro my Lorde Maryns
 chamber, Of my other grief I am not eased, but the best
 is that whatsoeuer other folkes wil suspect, I intende not
 to fere your graces goodwil, wiche as I knowe that
 I neuer disarned to faine, so I trust wil stil stike by me
 For if your graces aduis that I shulde retourne (wher
 wil is a comendement) had not bene, I wold not haue
 made the halfe of my way, the ende of my iourney.
 And thus as one desirous to hire of your Maesties helth
 thogh vnsfortunat to se it I shal pray God for ever to
 preserve you. From Hertsfelde this present Saturday.

Your Maesties humble ppe
 to comendement Elizabeth

PLATE XII

A page of a letter written by Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, showing the standard of handwriting in the sixteenth century.

(See page 100)

effect ; with many other surprising things which would have been too much even for the infernal powers. As they greatly exaggerated what had passed, perhaps with a view of excusing themselves, the steward wrote to the Duke, who was then at Pisa, an account still more pompous, and more replete with the marvellous than that which the workmen had given him.

Having left my work to cool during two days after it was cast, I began gradually to uncover it. I first of all found the Medusa's head, which had come out admirably by the assistance of the vents, as I had observed to the Duke that the property of fire was to fly upwards. I proceeded to uncover the rest, and found that the other head, I mean that of Perseus, was likewise come out perfectly well. This occasioned me still greater surprise, because, as it is seen in the statue, it is much lower than that of Medusa, the mouth of that figure being placed over the head and shoulders of Perseus. I found that where the head of Perseus ends, all the bronze was exhausted which I had in my furnace. This surprised me very much, that there should not be anything over and above what is necessary in casting. My astonishment, indeed, was raised to such a degree that I looked upon it as a miracle immediately wrought by the Almighty. I went on uncovering it with great success, and found every part turn out to admiration, till I reached the foot of the right leg, which supports the figure, where I found the heel come out : so proceeding to examine it, and thinking that the whole was filled up, in one respect I was glad, in another sorry, because I had told the Duke it would not have that effect. Continuing, however, to uncover it, I found that not only the toes were wanting but part of the foot itself, so that there was almost one half deficient. This occasioned me some new trouble ; but I was not displeased at it, because I could thereby convince the Duke that I understood my business thoroughly ; and though there had come out a great deal more of that foot than I thought there

would, the reason was, that in consequence of the several accidents that had happened, it was heated much more than it could have been in the regular course of business; especially as the pewter plates had been thrown into the furnace, a thing never done before.

I was highly pleased that my work had succeeded so well, and went to Pisa to pay my respects to the Duke, who received me in the most gracious manner imaginable. The Duchess vied with him in kindness to me; and though the steward had written them an account of the affair, it appeared to them much more wonderful and extraordinary when I related it myself. Upon my speaking to him of the foot of Perseus, which had not come out (a circumstance of which I had apprised his excellency) I perceived that he was filled with the utmost astonishment, and told the affair to the Duchess in the same terms that I had before related it to him. Finding that these great personages were become so favourable to me, I availed myself of the opportunity to request the Duke's permission to go to Rome; he granted it in the most obliging terms, and desired me to return speedily, in order to finish my statue of Perseus. He, at the same time, gave me letters of recommendation to his ambassador, Averardo Serristori. This happened in the beginning of the pontificate of Pope Julio de Monti.*

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine artist written by himself. (Translated by Thomas Roscoe, 1822)

* Julius III., elected 1550.

WRITING AND PRINTING

IF it plese any man spirituel or temporel to bye
only pyes of two and thre comemoracions of
salisbury use enpryntid after the forme of this
present lettre whiche ben wel and truly corrected late
hym come to westmouster to the almonesye
at the reed pale and he shal have them good chepe

*Issued by WILLIAM CAXTON in 1477
to advertise his "Ordinale secundum
usum Sarum."*

WRITING AND CIVILISATION.

UP to the middle of the last century writing was still in the hands of the writing-masters, a traditional art, and then it was very suddenly degraded into mere scribble. Then came William Morris, who, among several smaller arts which he practised, studied writing and wrote out and decorated several complete books, and reformed his own letter-writing hand. Later, about 1890, Mr. E. Johnston made an intense study of writing, and has continued to practise it as his special art. Others have followed, so that now there is a considerable school of expert writers in England.

Three things I wish specially to say. First, we—that is, everybody, should recognise his own handwriting as an art—an amazing art really—to be improved rather than degraded. This partly for its own sake, and also because it is only from a general interest in, and recognition of, art that any improvement in the forms of the things we produce, from pots to cities, can spring up. Common interest in the improvement of ordinary writing would be an immense disciplinary force: we might reform the world if we began with our own handwriting, but we certainly shall not unless we begin somewhere.

My second suggestion is that all our letterings, printings, and more ornamental inscribings should be better done: it is necessary for civilisation that they should be better done, and they must be.

Now, writing is the basis of all printing and inscriptions. The form of a letter cannot be properly “drawn” or “designed”; it must be written. The forms first made themselves in writing with a pen, and proper developments can only be made in the same way. The earliest written characters were shorthand pictures, then an alphabet was selected out of the old signs, from which the Roman capitals, which we still continue to use, were formed.

WRITING AND PRINTING

In writing these rapidly the "small letters" were developed from them naturally. Thus "A" (three strokes) became "a" (two strokes) and then "z" (one stroke), all by direct unconscious growth. The ordinary lower-case forms used in printing this note seem first to have come into use in the writing-shops of Alexandria in the early centuries of our era. The concurrent use of Greek and Latin scripts was, I believe, a contributory cause, and some of the small forms first arose in Greek, and were carried over into Latin. This "book-hand" was passed on to Italy and Ireland, and at last our type letters were copied from fine examples of writing. The Italic forms were based on elegant Italian handwriting of the sixteenth century.

My final suggestion is, that this Society should consider whether it would be possible for it to do something to improve the commonest of all memorial inscriptions and the design of the slabs on which they are cut. Done as they are now these things will never be better. We need interested opinion and general indignation, and some people "who care."

W. R. LATHABY · *The Catalogue of the First Exhibition of the Society of Scribes and Illuminators*

KING ALFRED'S CARE FOR BOOKS: TWO PREFACES.

I.

WHEN I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English Shepherd's Book, sometimes word by word and sometimes according to the sense, as I had learnt it from Plegmund my archbishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbold my mass-priest, and John my mass-priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I

could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric, in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancuses. And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book or the book from the minster: it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their place, unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one make a copy from them.

From the Preface to King Alfred's West Saxon version of Gregory's *Pastoral Care* (trans. by Henry Sweet: Early English Text Society's Publications, 45, 50).

2.

King Alfred was the translator of this book, and turned it from the Latin of the Books into English, as it is now done. Sometimes he put word for word, sometimes meaning for meaning, as he could interpret most clearly and intelligibly, on account of the sundry and manifold worldly duties which often beset him both in mind and body. It is very hard for us to enumerate the cares which in his day came upon the kingdoms he had acquired; but nevertheless he studied this book, and translated it from Latin into English, and turned it afterwards into verse, as is now done. And now he prays, and in God's name beseeches every one who desires to read this book to pray for him, and not to blame him if he understands it better than he (Alfred) could; because each man, according to the measure of his understanding and according to his leisure, must speak that which he speaks and do what he does.

King Alfred's version of Boethius' *Consolations*.
COOK & TINKER: *Select translations from O. E. Prose*
(Ginn & Co.).

HOW GERARD LEARNED TO ILLUMINATE
MANUSCRIPTS.

YOUNG Gerard was for many years of his life a son apart and distinct; object of no fears and no great hopes. No fears, for he was going into the Church, and the Church could always maintain her children by hook or by crook in those days; no great hopes, because his family had no interest with the great to get him a benefice, and the young man's own habits were frivolous, and, indeed, such as our cloth merchant would not have put up with in any one but a clerk that was to be. His trivialities were reading and penmanship, and he was so wrapped up in them that often he could hardly be got away to his meals. The day was never long enough for him; and he carried ever a tinder-box and brimstone matches, and begged ends of candles of the neighbours, which he lighted at unreasonable hours—aye, even at eight of the clock at night in winter, when the very burgomaster was abed. Endured at home, his practices were encouraged by the monks of a neighbouring convent. They had taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him until one day they discovered, in the middle of a lesson, that he was teaching them. They pointed this out to him in a merry way. He hung his head and blushed; he had suspected as much himself, but mistrusted his judgment in so delicate a matter. “But, my son,” said an elderly monk, “how is it that you, to whom God has given an eye so true, a hand so subtle yet firm, and a heart to love these beautiful crafts—how is it you do not colour as well as write? A scroll looks but barren unless a border of fruit and leaves and rich arabesques surround the good words, and charm the sense as those do the soul and understanding; to say nothing of the pictures of holy men and women departed, with which the several chapters should be adorned, and not alone the eye soothed with the brave and sweetly blended colors, but the heart lifted by effigies of the saints in glory. Answer me, my son.”

'At this Gerard was confused, and muttered that he had made several trials at illuminating, but had not succeeded well, and thus the matter rested.

Soon after this a fellow-enthusiast came on the scene in the unwonted form of an old lady. Margaret, sister and survivor of the brothers Van Eyck, left Flanders, and came to end her days in her native country. She bought a small house near Tergou. In course of time she heard of Gerard, and saw some of his handiwork ; it pleased her so well that she sent her female servant, Reicht Heynes, to ask him to come to her. This led to an acquaintance : it could hardly be otherwise, for little Tergou had never held so many as two zealots of this sort before. At first the old lady damped Gerard's courage terribly. At each visit she fished out of holes and corners drawings and paintings, some of them by her own hand, that seemed to him unapproachable ; but if the artist overpowered him, the woman kept his heart up. She and Reicht soon turned him inside out like a glove ; among other things they drew from him what the good monks had failed to hit upon, the reason why he did not illuminate, viz., that he could not afford the gold, the blue, and the red, but only the cheap earths ; and that he was afraid to ask his mother to buy the choice colors, and was sure he should ask her in vain. Then Margaret Van Eyck gave him a little brush-gold and some vermilion and ultramarine, and a piece of good vellum to lay them on. He almost adored her. As he left the house Reicht ran after him with a candle and two quarters ; he quite kissed her. But better even than the gold and lapis lazuli to the illuminator was the sympathy to the isolated enthusiast. That sympathy was always ready, and, as he returned it, an affection sprung up between the old painter and the young calligrapher that was doubly characteristic of the time. For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary nor were those who practised them ; and it was an age in

which artists sought out and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a painter or writer of our day, let me remind him that even Christians loved one another at first starting.

Backed by an acquaintance so venerable and strengthened by female sympathy, Gérard advanced in learning and skill. His spirits, too, rose visibly; he still looked behind him when dragged to dinner in the middle of an initial G, but once seated showed great social qualities, likewise a gay humor that had hitherto but peeped in him shone out; and often he set the table in a roar and kept it there, sometimes with his own wit, sometimes with jests which were glossy new to his family, being drawn from antiquity.

As a return for all he owed his friends the monks, he made them exquisite copies from two of their choicest MSS., viz., the life of their founder, and their "Comedies of Terence," the monastery finding the vellum.

CHARLES READ: *The Cloister and the Hall*, &c.

THE COST OF BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE Monk Elinham, for instance, writes in his history that in the sacristy of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, such a *Textus* and a Psalter were preserved to be placed on the altar on great feasts. "Since," as the same chronicler tells us, "on the outside there was wrought in full relief the image of Christ blessing, and the four evangelists" in silver. And this, as we are told, was merely one of these precious Scripture books belonging to St. Augustine's. In the same way in 1077, Abbot Paul, of St. Alban's, had made for his monastery "two texts ornamented with gold, silver and precious gems." We learn from the St. Alban's annalist

that this same abbot obtained from a Norman knight two parts of his tithes of the vil of Hatfield towards the expenses of making these books. The abbot watched over the work himself, and directed that certain rations of food should be given daily to the scribes, in order that they might not be required to leave their work. "In this way," says the historian, "the abbot caused many splendid volumes to be written for the church by chosen scribes brought from a distance," and "he had many choice volumes written in the Scriptorium, which he had built, Lanfranc supplying him with the texts to copy."

At the beginning of the thirteenth century Walter of Colchester, a celebrated worker in metals, became a monk of St. Alban's, drawn thither by another great artist, Br. Ralph Guby. He is said to have bound a *Textus* in a cover of gold, upon which was chiselled and wrought, with great skill, a figure of Christ in majesty, with the four Evangelists.

Abbot Robert, who became superior of St. Alban's in 1151, during the fifteen years he ruled the destinies of the abbey, is said to have "had written so many books" that the annalist unfortunately thought "it would occupy too much space to set down their names." Symon, surnamed "the Englishman," was the nineteenth abbot, ruling the monastery from 1167 to 1183. He was a literary man himself, and he did all he could to attract well-educated men to the abbey. He made a collection of the best books, and caused authentic texts of the Old and New Testament and glossed versions to be copied in the Scriptorium without a fault. Here again the annalist tantalises us by saying that "no finer books could be seen, but that it would take too long to set down the list of them." Nor does his addition to this excuse tend to reconcile us to it: "Still, those who wish to see the books themselves," he writes, "may find them in the painted press, over against the tomb of Saint Roger in the church, which was made to contain them." "By (looking

at) them," he adds, "may be understood what a lover of the Scriptures Abbot Symon really was." . . .

Abbot Whethamstede was the author of a large and almost encyclopædic work called the *Granarium* in four volumes. A copy of this was amongst the books mentioned as given by Duke Humphrey to Oxford, and another is named as having been copied for St. Alban's at the cost of 20 marks, whilst three volumes out of the four are to be found among the British Museum MS. collections. In this regard the account of payments made during Abbot Whethamstede's rule, for the making and compilation of books, and given by Amundesham (ii., p. 260), is of considerable interest. From this account may be well understood the great cost of producing manuscripts at that day—the middle of the fifteenth century—even in a monastic Scriptorium. For the four great *Gradual* books in the choir the abbot paid £20 (probably more than £300 or £400 of our money); a glossed copy of *Boetius de Consolatione* cost £5 (hardly less perhaps than £80). The twenty-three works set out in the first part of the account cost £82 3s. 4d. in or about 1440: that is, according to the present value of money, probably between £1,300 and £1,500.

Much information regarding the cost of books and of the materials for making them can be obtained from accounts and such like documents. Mr. Ansty, in the *Alumna Academia* (i, xiii.), gives the bill for writing the book of the Southern Proctor at Oxford in 1477. The actual writing cost £3 17s. 4d. the illumination £1 5s. 8d., the binding 7s. 2d., and the two clasps 12s., a fee of 3s. 4d. was also paid for the loan of the copy, and £1 3s. 4d. to the Proctor for overseeing the work, that is, I suppose, collating it. The whole bill of £7 8s. 10d. when translated into the money value of our day, appears very large, but for rare books almost any price was paid. The Countess of Anjou, for a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, Bishop of Halberstadt,

gave two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and the same quantity of rye. Even as late as 1433, £66 13s. 4d. was paid for transcribing the Works of Nicholas de Lira, in two volumes, destined to be chained in the library of the Grey Friars at Oxford. An idea of the value of this cost may be gathered from the fact that the usual price of wheat at the time was 5s. 4d. per quarter, and that a ploughman received one penny a day for his wages. In the inventory of the royal library of Charles VI. of France, made by order of the Duke of Bedford in 1423, the books are all priced. It is remarkable that, compared with the prices set on the books of the Duc de Berri in 1416, all are priced very low. Whilst the dearest book in the royal library was 16 livres and the cheapest 5 sous, the dearest in the Berri collection was put at 500 livres. It is not unlikely that the Duke of Bedford, desiring to purchase the entire collection—which he afterwards did for 1,200 livres—had then valued as low as possible; even then they were put at 2,323 livres, about 1,000 livres more than the Duke gave. It would be of great interest to discover what became of the books of this wonderful library. It is surmised that they generally came over to England, although, as M. Delisle has pointed out, some came back. In the library of St. Geneviève there is a Livy, with an inscription on a fly-leaf saying that it was sent to England as a present to the Duke of Gloucester by his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bedford. A note also at the beginning of a copy of Durandus' *Rationale* which belonged to this famous collection, says that it was purchased in London in 1441.

An indenture, dated August 26th, 1346, and printed in the Fabric Rolls of York by the Surtees Society (vol. xxxv., p. 165), is useful as giving an excellent account of the prices paid for work on MSS. in the fourteenth century. In this instance Robert Brekeling, the scribe, undertook to write a Psalter with a Calendar for 5s. 6d., and, in the same style of writing, the Office for the Dead with a collection of

hymns and collects, for an additional 4s. 3d. He also promised in this contract to illuminate the first letters of the psalms in gold and colours, and the rest of the first letters in gold and red, except the titles of double feasts, which were to be in workmanship like the initial letters of the Psalter. Also all the first letters of the verses (of the Psalms) were to be in good blue and red, and all letters at the beginnings of the Nocturnes, or divisions of the office of Matins were to be five lines of the MS. in size, and to be well painted; the initials of the *Beatus Vir* and the *Dixit Dominus* especially were to be larger still, six or seven lines in size. For all this illumination Robert Brekeling was to receive only 5s. 6d. over and above 18d., which was allowed him for the gold, and 2s. for the colours.

ABBOT GASQUET: *Books and Bookmaking in Early Chronicles and Accounts* (Transactions of the Bibliographical Society, Vol. IX, 1906-1908).

CHAUCER'S COPYIST.

Chaucers wordes unto Adam, his owne Scriveyn.

Adam scriveyne, if ever it thee byfalle
Boece or Troylus for to wryten nuwe,
Under thy long lokkes thouw most have the scalle*
But after my makynge thouw wryt more truwe.
So oft a daye I mot† thy werk renuwe,
It to corett and eke to rubbe and scrape;
And al is through thy neglygence and rape‡

G. G. COLLON: *Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation* (Cambridge Press).

* Scab.

† must.

‡ haste

ALDUS PIUS MANUTIUS ROMANUS.

THIS great printer was born at Bassano, in the Roman States, in 1449. He studied for many years in Rome, and from that fact assumed the name of Romanus. In 1482 he lived in the same house as Picus Mirandulus, and afterwards abode with Prince Alberto Pio, who allowed him to adopt the name "Pius." Being strongly impressed with the potentialities latent in the printing-press, he determined about 1489, to devote his whole attention to the publication of classical literature. After organising in Venice the most complete printing-office hitherto seen, he began his typographical career by the issue of the Greek Grammar of Lascaris. This was in 1494. In the prologue to that book Aldus declares the determination of himself and his co-workers in the following noble words:—"We have determined henceforth to devote all our lives to this good work. I call God to witness that my sincere desire is to do good to mankind, as indeed I hope has already been shown in my past life. I will indeed labour continuously to make constant progress; for although we might have chosen a tranquil country life, we have preferred a life busy and full of hard work. A good and learned man will not give himself up to base pleasures, but to work and to do something worthy. Cato has said truly "Man's life may be compared to a sword; use it and it keeps bright; neglect it and rust will soon be its destruction." Therefore if work seem sometimes irksome to a man, let him be sure of this—that sloth would be much more detrimental to him than the hardest kind of labour."

These were words from the heart of Aldus, and in this conviction he worked until his death. In 1501 he established an academy of learned men and scholars. Constantinople had just fallen into the hands of the Turks, and among the Christian refugees were many scholars of fame and repute. To these Aldus offered a safe and quiet asylum, asking from them in return that a portion of their

time should be devoted to the collation of manuscript copies of the classics, which in the course of time had become very erroneous through the carelessness of successive copyists. He also employed them in reading his printed proofs and revising them for the press. In this way many good scholars lived on terms of great friendship with Aldus, and were entirely supported by him. Surely modern lovers of literature owe an incalculable debt of gratitude to Aldus for preserving by these means an accurate text of the great classical writers of antiquity.

The expense of this great undertaking was of course very great; and partly to reduce the cost of production, and partly to place copies of the books he printed within the reach of poor scholars, Aldus employed the artist Giovanni de Bologna to design for him a new and compressed type which would enable him to print nearly two pages in the same space as one. From the country of its birth this letter has ever since been known as *Italic*. Its elegant shape has been much, perhaps too much, admired. The appearance is somewhat marred by the invariable use of Roman capitals, which, throughout, a page of *Italic*, is certainly not agreeable to the eye.

The fame of Aldus's printing-office soon spread throughout Europe, and his pocket editions of the Greek and Latin classics, were esteemed as much for the beauty of their dress as for the accuracy of their text. The visits of the curious, as well as of the learned, became at last so troublesome that Aldus placed the following notice over the chief entrance: "Whoever you are that wish to see Aldus, be brief: and when business is finished go away; unless indeed you are able and willing to assist him as Hercules did Atlas in his need: and even then remember that whoever gains here a footing must work hard and with perseverance." Aldus himself took no relaxation; scarcely would he afford himself any sleep until fatigue compelled him to rest. He died in

1515, the King of Printers, with an immortal halo surrounding him.

Aldus adopted for his device an anchor, with a dolphin twisted round it. This emblem is justly celebrated in the annals of typography under the name of the Aldine anchor, and is very appropriate to the work of a Printer. The dolphin is the emblem of swiftness, on account of the rapidity with which it cleaves the waves. The anchor is the emblem of stability and reliance. So the printer should be speedy at his work, but consider his plans carefully and soberly. This was admirably summarised in the motto adopted by Aldus—"Festina lente" (hasten slowly).

WILLIAM BLADES : *The Pentateuch of Printing*.
(A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago)

BOOK-BUYING IN 1525.

BUT the most famous printer was John Froben, of Basle, who was justly proud of his accuracy. Competition, and consequent reduction in price, were evils strongly felt and resented by Froben. In his Preface to the Concordance of 1525 appears the following dialogue, which is somewhat curtailed from the original :—

"Customer.—Well, Froben, what book have you there ?

Froben.—One which is equally your interest to buy as mine to sell.

Customer.—Something quite new, then ?

Froben.—Neither new nor old, for it is both.

Customer.—You talk in riddles.

Froben.—It is a book called 'The Concordance to the Sacred Scriptures.'

Customer.—Why, that has been printed ever so many times.

Froben.—True ! but if I have reprinted it, it is for the good of all. The sun itself does not appear every day,

How quint essence is drawn out
of scithes, as Apples, Pears, Plummeg,
Cherries, Chestnuts. &c. out of Villadius.



hen the fruit is small cut & stampe in a
stone mortar, mixe it with the .x. part of
common salt. Then put it in a cucurbita
with a blind limbecke, and set it in horse
dung, as is sayd afoze of mans bloude. &c.

x

Out of floures, herbes, and rootes.



After the plantes, whē they be wel ripe-
ned, in sayze wether, in the sprynge of the
moone: and when it is almost at the full,
wash thē & cut them very smal: beate thē in a moz-
ter of marble with the tenth part of salt, and thou
shalt sower them in a circulating vessell oz blinde
limbecke, in horse Dunge for the space of a month.
Then shalt thou destil them in a nosed limbecke in
Balneo Maria, encreasing the fyre to y^e thyrd
degree. Thē take the dregges out of the cucurbita,
and grineding them very smal poure the distilled
water vpon them agayne, and when they are pu-
trified in dung againe as befoze, at y^e length thou
shalt destil them, diminishing the fyre by the halfe
degree. Then grynde the dregges agayne, &c. as
befoze, and when thou destillest them agayne, de-
minithe and lessen the fyre, yet also by the halfe
degree. The putrifaction also muste alwayes de-
crease by the halfe degree: that is to say, lyke as in
the

xx

xxx

Plum XIII

A page from a book printed by John Day in 1565, entitled "A New Booke of
Distillation of Water"

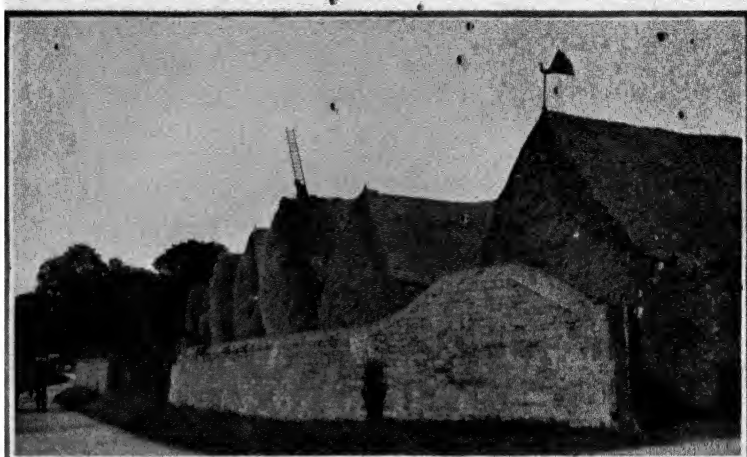


PLATE XIV.
DECORATED FINIALS ON NORTHAMPTONSHIRE HAYRICKS.
(See page 132.)

when it does shine it is just the same sun, while my book here is a decided improvement on the usual text.

Customer.—You can assure me of its correctness.

Froben.—You know that it is almost an impossibility to ensure positive freedom from error, but if the care I have bestowed upon it has not been thrown away you will find it very correct. Moreover, there is more in it than in the previous edition.

Customer.—I congratulate you, but I fear you will get but little credit for all your labour; besides, do you not find so much toil hastens old age?

Froben.—What matters it? 'Tis my destiny. And if she does bring me old age and its troubles, you have the power to ease them.

Customer.—Indeed, how?

Froben.—By purchasing this volume at once, and thanking me for offering it to you.

Customer.—But have you no compunction in thus selling your own child?

Froben.—Not the least. It was for you and not myself that I begot it.

Customer.—What is its price?

Froben.—Stoop, and I will whisper it in your ear.

Customer.—Oh! goodness! much too dear.

Froben.—There! take it home and look at it. If you then repent your bargain I will return your money.

Customer.—You could not say fairer.

Froben.—Everyone can be prodigal of words, but Froben holds to what he promises.

Customer.—Here, then, is the purchase-money in full tale.

Froben.—And here is the book in good condition, and I hope we shall both be pleased."

WILLIAM BLADES: *The Pentateuch of Printing* (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago).

WILLIAM CAXTON.

WILLIAM CAXTON was not born in 1412, as nearly all his biographers assert, but about ten or twelve years later, as we learn from the records preserved at Mercers' Hall, Cheapside. His name is there inscribed as having been apprenticed in the year 1438. His birth-place was somewhere in the Weald of Kent, perhaps at a place called Caustons, near Hadlow. His father sent him to school—by no means a usual experience for lads in the fifteenth century—for which in his after-age he was deeply grateful. He was apprenticed at the age of twelve or fourteen to a wealthy mercer, a fact which, at a time when class prejudices were very strong, shows that his family was connected with the merchant princes of London. After a few years his master, Robert Large, died, and as Caxton's name, when he issued from his apprenticeship, does not appear in the Mercers' books, there is little doubt that he went abroad. In 1446 we find his name mentioned in the town records preserved at Bruges, where he was considered sufficient security for a sum equal to £110. In 1453 he paid a visit to London, and took up his livery in the Mercers' Company. Ten years later he had raised himself to the highest honour an English merchant could attain abroad—that of Governor of the Merchant Adventurers in the Low Countries. Here he had great responsibilities, and was consulted and employed by the English Government in various matters connected with trade in those parts. In 1468 the Princess Margaret, sister of our Edward IV, was married to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, at Bruges. Here Caxton would be brought into friendly intercourse with the nobles of the English Court, many of whom took refuge there when King Edward, in 1470, was driven from his kingdom.

Several treaties about trade between England and the Burgundian dominions were ratified about this time, in which Caxton took a leading part. In Bruges at this period there were magnificent libraries, consisting almost entirely

of illuminated manuscripts ; and no doubt a few books from the German presses, which we know were selling at Paris, were to be had at Bruges also. In these literary treasure houses Caxton would be able to indulge that taste for books which was a prominent feature in his character. He became known to the Duchess, and from some cause which at present has not been discovered, resigned his post of Governor, and entered into her service. Whatever were the duties he undertook for the Duchess, his position was one of honour and trust, requiring his personal attendance upon her. Two causes may have influenced Caxton in retiring from his post of Governor. Reckoning from a law suit in which his married daughter was engaged in 1466, she would then have been twenty-six years of age, had her father married in 1469. As a married man he could not be a merchant in a foreign city, foreigners abroad as well as in England living a monastic life. Thus marriage may have been the moving cause. Added to this, the duties of Governor compelled him to make frequent journeys to other cities, and the occupation of so arduous a post for many years would naturally make him wish for relief and quietude.

Whatever the cause, his retirement gave him leisure to indulge his literary tastes, and he set to work to translate into English a French novel, which was then (1469) much admired in the Burgundian Court. It was a medley of Roman mythology mixed with Gothic knight-errantry and love adventures. Its title was "The Recuyell (collection) of the Histories of Troy," and the fact that it held its place in the popular esteem for at least two centuries later, shows us that it stood high in public opinion. After translating a few sheets, Caxton put it on one side, but "on a time," when conversing with the Duchess, he showed his attempt to her. This was in 1469. She commanded him at once to finish the translation, which he appears to have taken two years to accomplish, continuing it, as he himself tells us,

in Ghent, and finishing it at Cologne. And here it is important to notice that in both those cities there is no question of his learning printing. All he mentions about himself refers to the translation alone. This brings us to 1472-3. The new book, patronised by the Duchess and the Court, was soon in greater demand among the courtiers than Caxton could possibly supply by manuscript. He was tired of so much writing, and naturally his mind turned to the new art of Printing, specimens of which he had probably examined. Just at this time Colard Mansion, a citizen of Bruges, had erected a printing-press in a large room over the church porch of St. Donatus, and to him went Caxton. Colard Mansion set to work, Caxton helping him with money, and learning at the same time the new art and mystery. So it was that about 1474-5 the book was completed and a copy was presented to the Duchess.

This was the turning point in Caxton's career; for although he did not immediately leave his Royal mistress's service, he spent some time in mastering the new art, and then, with a quantity of newly-cast types, made his way to England. There seems to have been no special reason why Caxton should choose Westminster as the locality of his printing-office. There was no Scriptorium in the Abbey, and the Abbot does not seem to have held towards him any other relationship than that of landlord, leasing to him a tenement in the Almonry, just where the Guards' Memorial now stands. Here Caxton settled down and worked for at least fifteen years. His first book which bears a date is "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," finished in November, 1477. Upon the strength of this date the Caxton Quarcentenary Festival was held in 1877; but there can be no doubt that he printed many books of which no copies remain, some of which were doubtless earlier than the "Dictes." Unlike some of the French and Italian printers who ruined themselves by printing classical books, Caxton began with small pamphlets, and short pieces of

WRITING AND PRINTING

poetry by Lydgate and Chaucer. These were soon followed by books of greater pretence, historical, poetical and religious. The most imposing book from Caxton's press was "The Golden Legend," a thick and large folio volume, full of rude wood-cuts, and narrating the lives of all the saints in the English Calendar. In translating, editing, and printing, Caxton spent the remaining years of his life, and at a ripe old age was buried in St. Margaret's, Westminster, in the year 1491.

His character was that of a pious, diligent, and educated man, who, without aiming very high, led the life of an honest and useful merchant. He never foresaw, any more than his contemporaries, the wonderful capabilities and future strength of that printing-press which was to bring so many blessings to his native country. His successor was Wynken de Worde, one of the founders of the Stationers' Company, a workman who, while quite young, came over with Caxton, and was a prolific printer for years after his master's death. The well-known printers, Pynson and Machlinia, had also worked under Caxton.

WILLIAM BLADES. *The Pentateuch of Printing*
(A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago)

A GREAT ELIZABETHIAN PRINTER.

JOHN DAY, one of the best and most enterprising of English printers, was born in the year 1522 at Dunwich in Suffolk, a once flourishing town now buried beneath the sea.

. . . By his own enterprise and the excellence of his workmanship, he raised himself to the proud position of the finest printer England had ever seen.

In partnership with William Seres, among other things he published a fine folio edition of the Bible in 1549 and in a second edition introduced a good initial E showing Edward VI. on his throne. During the reign of Queen Mary he went abroad, which seems to have influenced his work, but it was not until 1559 that his books began to show that excellence of workmanship which is now associated with his name.

About this time he came in touch with the scholarly churchman, Matthew Parker (afterwards Archbishop), who enriched Cambridge University by his gifts of books which he rescued at the dissolution of the Monasteries. Matthew Parker believed that good books should be well printed and he encouraged John Day and others to cut new founts of type and to have printed books in a worthy form.

Among other things Archbishop Parker induced Day to cast a fount of Saxon types.

About this time Day adopted a device of "The Sleeper Awakened" and the words "Arise, for it is Day."

Another printer, just before him, Richard Grafton, had a device of a barrel (tun) out of which sprouted a branch (the graft).

Day now printed that famous book, Fox's "Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs," 2,000 folio pages. A Royal proclamation ordered that a copy of it should be set up in every parish church.

Among the other famous books he published were "The Tragedy of Gorboduc," Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster," William Tyndale's Works, and Asser's "Life of Alfred."

Day's success, and no doubt the excellent standard of his work, aroused the jealousy of other printers who did their best to hinder the sale of his books, so when he obtained permission to move from Aldersgate to St. Paul's Churchyard, the booksellers persuaded the Lord Mayor to stop him, and it was only thanks to the influence of Archbishop Parker that he was able to carry out the project. Such petty

jealousy towards those who try to do their work better than their neighbours is not unknown in these days.

In 1578 he used a new Greek type better than any that had hitherto been produced in this country and in 1580 became Master of the famous Stationers' Company.

Printers were still suspect and looked upon as dangerous persons, and there was no liberty of the press. The ecclesiastical authorities' consent had to be obtained before any book could be published. Monopolies for the printing of certain books were also granted by Queen Elizabeth for monetary reasons to certain printers, much to the detriment of the smaller men, and when a protest was raised against this, it is said that Day was most generous and relinquished no less than fifty-three books.

John Day died at Walden in Essex in 1584, and it can be well said of him that he left his craft better than he found it, which should be the aim of all good citizens.

CASLON & BASKERVILLE.

WILLIAM CASLON of London, the type-founder, and John Baskerville of Birmingham, are two names of great craftsmen of the eighteenth century whose influence on printing is still widely felt.

William Caslon, by his skill raised the art of printing to a higher level than it had reached since the work of John Day. He was born at Cradley in Shropshire, and began life as an engraver of gunlocks and made blocking tools for book binders. Bowyer, a printer of some note, and another printer, advanced him money to set up for himself, and his first essay in type founding was a fount of Arabic.

Somewhere about 1725 he cut a Roman type, based on the Dutch founts of the period, and the wonderful regularity as well as the shape and proportion of the letters made it a worthy successor to the best founts of the sixteenth century.

His superiority over all other letter cutters, English or Dutch, was soon recognised and from this time until the end of the century nearly all the best and most important books were printed in Caslon's type.

After a short period of eclipse in the nineteenth century, this type was revived by Whittingham at the Chiswick Press, and remains to-day the standard for simple readable well-balanced printing unequalled either at home or abroad.

John Thomas Baskerville was born in 1706 at Wolverley in Worcestershire. He was a beautiful writer, and it is to this and his love for calligraphy that we owe the regular well-proportioned letters associated with his name.

After earning his living as a writing master, he put some money into a letter foundry and spent upward of £600 in making a fount that would suit him, taking the greatest pains to achieve perfection. The result of his care and labour was shown in the beautiful quarto edition of Virgil, published in 1757, which was followed by fine editions of Milton, Addison, etc. The appearance of Baskerville's publication gave rise to much controversy and he soon became disgusted with the ill-natured criticism to which he was subjected, coupled with the failure of the booksellers to support him, and was anxious to have done with the business.

Though there is not much to choose between Caslon's and Baskerville's Roman type, Baskerville's italic is said to be the most beautiful type produced in England. Oxford University was the first public body to recognise his work, but after his death in 1775 both the universities refused to purchase either his types or foundry. The type was ultimately disposed of in 1779 to the Société Littéraire Typographique de France for £3,700, and was used to print the great edition of Voltaire's works.

This and the preceding are adapted from that excellent book *English Printing, 1427-1898*, by Mr. Henry R. Plomer (Kegan Paul Trench Trubner & Co, 1900)

A FRENCH FAMILY OF PRINTERS.

THE Didots flourished during the eighteenth century. Firmin, the most famous of them, introduced many technical improvements and was at the same time a well-read scholar. Here is part of a letter which he wrote to Ambrose Firmin, one of his sons, then travelling in Greece and the Troad :—

“I await your return with impatience. I want your help in carrying out a work which should in one respect aid the teaching of children, and for a very modest sum. For we must not confine ourselves to perfecting the art in the sphere of luxury printing ; but rather we ought always to make it serve the public good. With great care I have engraved and founded the characters for the large folio editions of Virgil and Horace, printed by Pierre Didot my brother, as well as the characters for the large quarto edition of Camoens, which I have just printed ; but I believe I have been of more use to the public in producing a collection of logarithm tables, and further in thinking out a system of stereotype editions, made in order to aid and spread abroad a taste for sound studies of all kinds. . . . Without doubt the typographic reproduction of geographical maps is more difficult still, and no one I think, will argue the point. . . . However, I am confident of success and await your return to begin this task.”

Adapted from *Les Artisans Illustres* (Paris, 1841)

[Printing has always been a democratic art, and it may interest the reader to compare these ideals of a great tradition with those of Aldus, on p. 110.]

BOOK-BINDING.

BEFORE Printing was there was book-binding, for what manuscripts were then in being, were made publick by transcribing them, by certain clerks writing a good hand, and made a livelihood thereof, the written books were conveyed to the binder, who bound them after what manner the owner directed him : As authors and books encreased, so did his profit by his trade, insomuch that some of these binders grew rich, and purchased so many manuscripts as to furnish a shop indifferently according to those times, and dying left their sons well stocked : but printing coming in, broke the neck of the writing clerks, but yet gave a considerable lift to the rising Book-binder, who not only bound for others but himself, and printing his own copies, had work enough to do to bind his own books, his stock increasing by the benefit of printing, it was business enough for him to mind his shop, and see that his servants pleas'd his customers, and now resolves to work no more : His sewing-press lies mouldy in the garret, his plow neglected lies, and his knives rust ; the screws of his standing and his cutting-presses have forgot their wonted duty, and stubbornly won't stir an inch for any ; his marble-moody-beating-stone weeps incessantly to see the weighty hammer lie rusting in a corner unregarded : In short, if he work it is for his pleasure, and what pains he takes now, and then in binding of a book is his pastime. The son after his father's decease scorns the mean title of a Book-binder, and therefore employs others, and is henceforward stil'd a Book-seller ; and the rest of his brethren, who are able, follow his example. Thus, Binding formerly was the rise of a lazy Bookseller.

RICHARD HEAD : *Protens Redivivus,*
or *The Art of W'beedling* (1679).

PAINTING AND WOOD-CUTS

TRY to put well in practice what you already know; in so doing you will, in good time, discover the hidden things which you now inquire about.

Rembrandt's advice to his pupils.

CIMABUE AND HIS MADONNA.

HE afterwards painted the picture of the Virgin, for the church of Santa Maria Novella, where it is suspended on high, between the chapel of the Rucellai family and that of the Bardi, of Vernio. This picture is of larger size than any figure that had been painted down to those times ; and the angels surrounding it, make it evident that, although Cimabue still retained the Greek manner, he was nevertheless gradually approaching the mode of outline and general method of modern times. Thus it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—they having then never seen anything better—that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honoured for it. It is further reported; and may be read in certain records of old painters, that, whilst Cimabue was painting this picture, in a garden near the gate of San Pietro, King Charles the Elder, of Anjou, passed through Florence, and the authorities of the city, among other marks of respect, conducted him to see the picture of Cimabue. When this work was thus shewn to the king, it had not before been seen by any one ; wherefore all the men and women of Florence hastened in great crowds to admire it, making all possible demonstrations of delight. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood, rejoicing in this occurrence, ever afterwards called that place Borgo Allegri ; and this name it has ever since retained, although in process of time it became enclosed within the walls of the city.

Lasari's Lives of the Painters, trans. by Mrs. Jonathan Foster (Bohn's Standard Library).

• • • GIOTTO AND THE CIRCLE.

THIS work* acquired so much fame for its author as to induce Pope Benedict IX. to send one of his courtiers from Treviso to Tuscany for the purpose of ascertaining what kind of man Giotto might be, and what were his works, that pontiff then proposing to have certain paintings executed in the church of St. Peter. The messenger, when on his way to visit Giotto, and to inquire what other good masters there were in Florence, spoke first with many artists in Sienna,—then, having received designs from them, he proceeded to Florence, and repaired one morning to the workshop where Giotto was occupied with his labours. He declared the purpose of the Pope, and the manner in which that pontiff desired to avail himself of his assistance, and finally, requested to have a drawing, that he might send it to his Holiness. Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper, and a pencil dipped in a red colour; then resting his elbow on his side to form a sort of compass, with one turn of the hand he drew a circle, so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold. This done, he turned, smiling to the courtier, saying “Here is your drawing.” “Am I to have nothing more than this?” inquired the latter, conceiving himself to be jested with. “That is enough and to spare,” returned Giotto; “Send it with the rest and you will see if it will be recognised.” The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill-satisfied, and fearing that he had been fooled. Nevertheless, having despatched the other drawings to the Pope, with the names of those who had done them he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle without moving his arm and without compasses; from which the Pope, and such of the courtiers as were well versed in the subject, perceived how far Giotto surpassed all the other painters of his time.

Lasari's Lives of the Painters, trans. by Mrs. Jonathan Foster (Bohn's Standard Library).

* The history of Job in six large frescoes on one of the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa.

HOKUSAI.

THE story of his life has been often told. Born in 1760, he was a pupil of Shunsho, and under the name Shunro produced graceful prints in his master's style. But his independent spirit asserted itself; the two quarrelled, and the pupil was expelled. Hokusai was driven to various shifts to make a living and was at one time a pedlar in the Yedo streets. Then he procured work as a book-illustrator and designed a vast number of *surimono*, those messages of good luck, invitations, or announcements sent by the Japanese to their friends, chiefly at the New Year; small woodcuts printed with special care and daintiness. Inexhaustible in fancy and full of charm as these *surimono* are, they give but a hint of the mature strength of the artist. Hokusai reminds us of Rembrandt in the steady ripening of his powers from youth to age; of Turner in the means he took to found his art on a basis of infinite and untiring observation. Hokusai surpassed even Turner in his industry. He could hardly stop drawing to take a meal; he had no time to untie the packets of money with which he was paid, but handed one of them unopened to the tradesmen whose bills were due. They came back for more if the sum proved not enough; not otherwise. No wonder that in spite of raging industry he was always poor. Unlike his countrymen, he was careless of his surroundings. When his lodgings grew intolerably dirty he could not stay to tidy them, but hired others. He moved house ninety-three times in the course of his ninety years. At seventy-five his thoughts were all of the future. He had learnt something of the structure of nature and her works, he wrote: "but when I am eighty I shall know more; at ninety I shall have got to the heart of things; at a hundred I shall be a marvel; at a hundred and ten every line, every blot of my brush will be alive!" He now signed his work "The Old Man with a Maria for Drawing." On his death-bed he sighed, "If

Heaven had given me ten more years ! ” and at the very end, “ Five more years, and I should have indeed become a painter ! ” It was May, 1849. It is the custom with the Japanese, even with criminals condemned to execution to make a little poem before dying. Hokusai’s was this : “ Now, my soul, a will o’ the wisp, can flit at ease over the summer fields.”

LAURENCE BINYON : *Painting in the Far East* (by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Edward Arnold & Co.).

THE WOODCUTTER’S HAND.

AN Englishman who has done much for the development of Wood Blockprinting in colour after the Japanese method, went to an Exhibition where he had heard some Japanese woodcutters were to be working. Coming to the stand he found them busy with their knives, gouges, pots of paint, and brushes, turning out in their simple, beautiful but effective way, numbers of delightful prints at the most nominal prices, for wood blockprinting in Japan is the really democratic art.

He tried to obtain some information about the various things from the man in charge but with no avail, being taken for the usual onlooker who bores exhibitors with useless questioning. Getting desperate, as he was most anxious to learn what he could from these men who were plying his own craft in their traditional way, an idea occurred to him. He closed his fingers into the palm of his hand and showed his hard knuckles to one of the workers. The man seized the hand, looked at it, and recognising the hardened flesh of the wood-cutter, called to his fellow-workers, who, in a minute, were all around him with friendly greetings. The craftsman had recognised his

fellow-worker. For the rest of his stay they could not tell him enough, they could not give him enough, and the time was all too short for both sides. The real craftsmen are always prodigal of their knowledge to any who are genuine fellow-workers.

H.H.P.

A FRENCH CRAFTSMAN.

WE had gone all over La Fère, but right at the other end, the house next the town-gate was full of light and bustle. *Bazin Aubergiste, loge à pied*, was the sign. *À la Croix de Malte*. (Bazin, Innkeeper, lodging for travellers. At the Maltese Cross.) There were we received. The room was full of noisy reservists drinking and smoking; and we were very glad indeed when the drums and bugles began to go about the streets and one and all had to snatch shakoes and be off for the barracks.

Bazin was a tall man running to fat; soft spoken with a delicate gentle face. We asked him to share our wine; but he excused himself, having pledged reservists all day long. This was a very different type of the workman-innkeeper from the brawling disputatious fellow at Origny. He also loved Paris where he had worked as a decorative painter in his youth. There were such opportunities for self instruction there, he said, and if any one has read Zola's description of the workman's marriage party visiting the Louvre, they would do well to have heard Bazin by way of antidote. He had delighted in the museums in his youth. "One sees there little miracles of work," he said, "that is what makes a good workman; it kindles a spark."

R. L. STEVENSON: *An Inland Voyage*.



PLATE XV.

A BERKSHIRE BOWL TURNER AT WORK. Above are the logs of wood ready to be cut up. (Reproduced by permission of the "Daily Sketch.")
(See page 134.)



PLATE XVI.
A KINGSCLIFFE WOOD TURNER AT WORK.

COUNTRY CRAFTS.

SINODUN HILL BY THE THAMES

REST here awhile, not yet the eve is still,
The bees are wandering yet, and you may hear
The barley-mowers on the trenched hill,
The sheep-bells, and the restless changing weir,
All little sounds made musical and clear
Beneath the sky that burning August gives,
While yet the thought of glorious summer lives.

WILLIAM MORRIS : *The Earthly Paradise* (from
Introductory Verses to August).

COUNTRY CRAFTS

COUNTRY CRAFTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EVERY village has its painter, its carvers, its actors even ; every man who produces works of handicraft is an artist. The few pieces of household goods left of its wreckage are marvels of beauty ; its woven cloths and embroideries are worthy of its loveliest building ; its pictures and ornamented books would be enough in themselves to make a great period of art, so excellent as they are in epic intention, in completeness of unerring decoration and in marvellous skill of hand. In short, these master-pieces of noble building, those specimens of architecture, as we call them, the sight of which makes the holiday of our lives to-day, are the standard of the whole art of those times, and tell the story of all the completeness of art in the hey-day of life.

WILLIAM MORRIS : *Gothic Architecture* (Kelmscott Press, 1893). By permission of the Trustees.

THE PLOUGHMAN

THE Plough-driver's art consisteth herein, that he drive the yoked oxen evenly, neither smiting nor pricking nor grieving them. Such should not be melancholy or wrathful, but cheerful, jocund and full of song, that by their melody and song the oxen may in a manner rejoice in their labour. Such a ploughman should bring the fodder with his own hands, and love his oxen and sleep with them by night, tickling and combing and rubbing them with straw ; keeping them well in all respects, and guarding their forage or provender from theft. . . . If he finds other beasts in their pasture, he must impound them. He and the hinds, when plough-time is over, must dike and delve, thresh, fence, clean the water-courses and do other such-like profitable works.

From "Fleta," a thirteenth century treatise on rural Economy, edited by John Selden in 1647. G. G. COULTON : *Social Life in Britain from the Conquest to the Reformation* (Cambridge Press).

CHESHIRE CHEESE.

CHESTER was formerly an harbour for shipping but the sea had long ago withdrawn itself; and the River Dee was choaked up. This County (Cheshire) though so remote from London, is one of those which contributes much to its support, as well as to that of several other parts of England by its excellent Cheese, which they make here in such quantities, that as I am told from very good authority, the City of London alone takes off 14,000 tons every year; besides vast quantities which they send to Bristol and York; and also to Scotland and Ireland; so that the quantity of Cheese made here must be prodigiously great. Indeed the whole county is employed in it, and part of its neighbourhood too; for though it goes by the name of Cheshire Cheese, yet great quantities of it are made in such parts of Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Lancashire, as border upon Cheshire. This soil is extraordinarily good, and the grass has a peculiar richness in it, which disposes the kine to give a great quantity of milk, which is very sweet and good; and this Cheese Manufacture increases every day, raises the value of the lands, and encourages the farmers to keep vast stocks of cows; which of themselves contribute to improve and enrich the land.

DLROE: *A tour through the whole Island of Great Britain* (1724)

THE WOOD TURNER

AS you leave Market Harboro' for Rockingham and the Old Rockingham Forest where Hereward the Wake hid, and the Norman Kings hunted, the red brick villages of Leicestershire gradually change to the peaceful, stone built, and often unspoilt villages of Northamptonshire. The slate headstones of the quiet graveyards mix with the lichen-covered and carved Ketton stone which in a few miles replaces them altogether. At Stoke there is still a notice on the church porch that pattens should be left in the porch.

The great stacks of the prosperous farms still have their decorated finials of small sheaves, cocks, etc., and clear streams run down into the Welland valley through little wooded dales.

Then the ridge gradually changes to great rolling hills, some still covered with woods, and as we get towards Wansford and its old bridge on the great North Road we come to Kingscliffe, "wooden spoon village" as it used to be called by its neighbours.

Kingscliffe is famous, however, for other things than wooden spoons, for was it not the home of William Law, pietist and shall one say humorist, author of "The Serious Call" a book which frightens many away by its title, like that exciting work of George Borrow's, "The Bible in Spain"?

His house and old meeting place are still there; also you can find in a pleasant old Jacobean house with a flagged path leading through the garden to the door, the library which he left for the edification of his fellow villagers; alas, the fine old volumes are neglected and rotting in their cupboards.

Turning by the corner of the churchyard where Law lies buried into a narrow path between walls you come to a door and here in a small old shed is one of the last of the wood turners for which 25 years ago Kingscliffe was famous.

The family of Green, for this is J. Ventross Green, have been wood turners for many generations in Kingscliffe. He stands at his lathe with his foot on the treadle, the window through which the light falls on the lathe head looks over a garden down to the mill pond.

The barn or workshop is full of logs of wood drying; sycamore, lime, beech. They are hard to obtain, especially sycamore, for forests are not kept up in these parts for wood turners but more for sport. The old wood turner picks a block of wood roughly trimmed with a hinged chopper something like a draw knife, and with the most

primitive of lathes in a few minutes has turned out and hollowed a barrel tap. You pick up an old, worm-eaten butter pat from the medley of oddments. "Would you like one?" Two small pieces are turned out in a minute with screw and thread, and put together. He has no pattern and scarcely uses any gauge for he has got the knack of his work by long practice and instinct. "What pattern would you like on it? Wheat-ears?" The butter pat is put on a revolving block and with a sharp chisel and gouge in a few seconds the wheat ear is cut as beautifully, crisply and accurately as a piece of Greek carving.

"At the time of the Franco-German war," says Mr. Green, "there were 75 of us at work in the village and we made all the fair toys, wooden spoons, butter pats and kitchen turned work for all over the country side. Different counties had their own patterns in butter pats in those days. Now we make a few small bowls, egg cups, sugar dredgers, barrel taps and dummy eggs for the keepers." "Would you like a sugar dredger?" It is soon turned. "What about some fun on it?" and with a stick and a little red ink whilst it is still in the lathe red lines are put round it for decoration. A hunt round the old cobwebbed shop reveals a number of old turned things, including the old nut measures for selling nuts at the fair, one side a ha'porth and the other side a penn'orth.

Foreign competition, he tells you, has killed the industry. Partly right, but what else? Firstly, no provision or forethought on the part of the local land-owners growing the right wood to the right sizes, and secondly, no attempt as in the Thüringen Forest or the Harz Mountains in Germany, to help the industry by technical education and brains. There they made efforts to get men of ideas and taste to go and work, and bring out new designs in turned toys, fancy box ware, and polished wooden articles, and there side by side with the clean wholesome wooden ware for the kitchen with its bread boards, mallets, spoons, etc., has developed

and grown up a world-wide industry to the detriment of our pleasant little stone-built village, now bewailing its prosperous past and having little hope for the future.

H.H.P.

THE BLACKSMITH

BLACKSMITHS, too, still hold on here and there. I take a note from my diary, of a walk one July day in 1918 within thirty miles of London in uninjured country: "Passing a blacksmith's shop and attracted by the ringing strokes and glowing sparks, I looked in. 'How tidy and jolly you look; what a nice place a workshop is.' 'Yes, I like to keep it tidy.' Then, noticing his tools and things — 'What pretty fireirons.' 'Do you think so? I made them myself when I was a boy.' 'They are splendid, such a good handle to grip,—the second piece is welded on, isn't it?' 'Yes; it's been a good deal worn with use.' 'Did you think of it yourself?' 'Well, I saw some of the sort and thought I'd make mine something like.'"

W. R. LETHABY: *Home and Country Arts* (Nat. Federation of Women's Institutes, 26 Eccleston St., London, S.W.1).

BOWL-TURNING: AN OLD BERKSHIRE CRAFT

IN the Middle Ages "treen," or trenchers and drinking vessels made of wood, were in widespread use, and the "masers," or cups or bowls, were often mentioned in wills and inventories. The finer specimens belonged to the richer abbeys—thus, there was the Great Maser at York, the Judas Cup at Durham, and at St. Saviour's, Southwark, there was "a maser with a bordour and knop of sylver and gilt which was given to the churchwardens to drink when they mete." These valuable wooden cups were sometimes ornamented by a rim of silver, but otherwise they were seldom decorated by more than a few low mouldings or incised lines. Their value and beauty lay in the graining of the wood, generally maple, and the old turners chose the

part of the trunk where it divided off into branches so as to obtain the speckled birds-eye graining.

By Tudor times pewter began to take the place of treen, though poorer folk continued to use these wooden trenchers and bowls till much later, especially in the north of England and in Scotland. Three years ago a unique collection of treen was shown at a private gallery, and there was a haunting charm about the mellowed wood, worn smooth and kindly by the daily touch of many long-dead hands. Salt-cellars were numerous, and it was curious to think of the huge social significance that had once lain in the position of the plain little circles of age-darkened wood.

Although crockery and glass, in their turn, have supplanted pewter, vestiges of the old bowl-turning industry still survive. The last of the bowl-turners lives at Bucklebury, Common, a hamlet scattered haphazard among the gorse and heather, apparently just as the ancient "broom squires" originally set up their little homesteads, where the arable land of the Kennet valley leaves a long low ridge of untamed common along the crest of slopes that bound it to the north.

The bowl-turner is a man of local renown. Since his father's death he has worked all alone at his craft, but in his young days quite a number of men worked at his trade. Even then they were all old, and no younger men were learning the work, so that as they died the old handicraft was gradually suffered to lapse. At that time there was little demand for plain wooden bowls, but to some extent the fashion has revived, and the bowl-turner is fully employed making bowls for potatoes, porridge, or for washing up in, and bread platters. Even this old, all but extinct, craft was affected by the war, and the bowl turner worked very hard making wooden ladles which were used in one of the great munitions factories for handling high explosives. The bowls and platters are made of elm wood, which he saws into convenient slabs, and, pointing to one or another

of the rough blocks of wood, he will say : ' There are three bowls in that piece, or four in another. He pares off the corners with a knife, and then the wood is ready for the lathe. The lathe is set in a framework of unplanned wood, not unlike a sheep pen, and at least four generations of the same family of bowl-turners have made or mended it. It is worked by a foot-treadle, and the tip of an unpeeled sapling is bent over it to adjust the tension of the leather band that turns it. The tools also have descended from father to son. They consist of an iron blade about 1½ ft. long, and with a tip of steel welded on to them, and with a wooden haft. They were made by the blacksmith, and the bowl-makers bent up the points of each of them into a little hook, which is laid sideways against the revolving wood to cut it. The outside of the bowl is first shaped, then the inside is carefully scooped out, and the core of wood serves for a second, smaller bowl. The craft calls for considerable physical strength, especially when larger bowls are being made, and it is also highly skilled. The bowl-maker learnt it from his father when he was still a lad, and, although from time to time people have tried to learn it from him, none has succeeded, and it seems as if the skill could only be acquired in childhood.

With amazing speed and dexterity the bowl-turner handles his primitive tools. He works with the pride of a true artist, and under his sure touch the whirling wood takes on the freest, most graceful curves that show off the beautiful graining of the elm wood. As one watches him at his simple lathe, standing ankle deep in soft brown wood shavings, in the weathered timber shed where he and his have carried on their craft for more than a hundred years, one feels that one is not merely seeing the survival of an ancient process of manufacture, but that one is in contact with the very spirit of the mediæval craft workers.

I. F. GRANT, from *The Times*, 18th March, 1924

THE HEDGER AND DITCHER

TRULY, the Hedger and Ditcher is an important and useful character. He is a finished labourer; and although he is a man of all work connected with the pursuits of agriculture, the employment of hedging, in particular, is his greatest pride; and he may be fairly allowed to indulge in the boast of the superior style in which he can perform that necessary operation. . . .

The period of the year when the exertions of the Hedger and Ditcher are called into full exercise is Candlemas; for, according to the old couplet—

“A stake on the advent of Candlemas Day,
Can be driven from six to six, they say.”

The Hedger and Ditcher is easily known. He is neat in his dress; and seems to be impressed with the sense of order. More care appears to have been taken even with regard to his very hat, than is usually the case with others who are employed in the varied labours of the farm and homestead. His countenance is cheerful and its more rugged lines are softened by the feeling of self-esteem and self-importance. A coloured cotton handkerchief, neatly tied, and displaying the collar of a clean shirt, encircles his neck. He wears a short frock, over which is hung from the shoulder a belt, sustaining a large dark leathern wallet, containing his provisions for the day, if the scene of his operations lies at some distance from the village or hamlet. Strong materials compose his nether garment, and if any part of his dress has required to be patched it has been done with a degree of neatness, indicative, at least, of that care and attention which is not so visible in several of his compeers. He wears remarkably strong shoes, thickly nailed; and his legs are incased with leather, by appropriating the upper part of a cast-off pair of Wellington boots, a present from his employer.

But if his dress be neat and suited to the nature of his employment, he prides himself upon the excellence and

superior condition of his tools. The well-tempered axe and spade are placed upon his shoulder, supported by one hand: in the other, he holds the bill and bill-hook, and across his arm is slung a pair of strong leathern mittens . . . stroke after stroke reverberates through the valley, and is taken up by the adjacent woods. It is the stroke of the Hedger and Ditcher driving his stake. He proceeds with great regularity, and does everything neatly and in perfect order. His skill and experience enable him to strike with the required force the supple branches, and to intertwine them in the firmest way, without destroying their growth, and to twist the bindings in the most even manner, brushing away the underwood, and forming the required ditch. The neatness and firmness with which all his operations are performed evince the skill—nay, the pride—of the experienced hand . . . Amongst agricultural labourers, however, there is not one in ten a good hedger and ditcher. Hence the estimation in which he is held, and the extreme usefulness of all his operations as one important portion in the economy of the farm.

Viewing him as he proceeds with his work—observing him when he has paused to enjoy his humble meal with a relish enhanced by exercise and by breathing the breath of a pure atmosphere—a relish wholly unknown to the pampered sons and daughters of sloth and effeminacy, stretched upon the couch of luxury, wiling away the hours of tediousness by the frivolities of fashion, and contributing only to swell the mob of mere mediocre characters:—marking his return to his comfortable and unviolated home, after the labours of the day—the nature of his toil—the neatness of his work—the tidiness of his dress—the excellence of his tools—his sense of order—his feeling of propriety—his self-esteem, with the addition of other qualities which contribute to the perfection of his character—truly,

“ ’Twere well if some folks, who are greater and richer,
Would copy John Tomkins, the Hedger and Ditcher.”

MARTINGALE: *English Country Life*, (1843).

COUNTRY CRAFTS

A LAKE DISTRICT CRAFT

TAKING now the road from the ferry to Lakeside, and sometimes skirting the banks of the lake, and sometimes rising to an elevation sufficient for one to see the whole of the lower reach of the lake, we pass many small collections of cottages scarcely to be dignified by the name of villages, and in all these we find "hoopers" busily at work under sheds thatched with wood shavings made in the process. The best hoops are made of oak, but few being of any other wood. The oak is bought when green and full of sap; it is then split into three or four sections according to the thickness of the stem. The splitting is done on a block or horse of peculiar shape, fitted with pegs. After the sapling, previously barked, has been split, the workman sits at a bench with a vice moved by the foot, and cuts off the sharp edge of the hoop with a "hoop-shave" or "drawing knife." The hoop is then bent on a coiling frame, an eight-armed cross with studs fitted into holes so as to make hoops of various diameters. Three sizes are made from strips of wood, six, eleven, and fourteen feet in length. The hoops are tied with tarred hempen of old untwisted rope and made up in bundles of sixty, termed "a half hundred." A good workman can make two such bundles in a day.

Passing through the upland village of Finsthwaite we may get a glimpse of the most important home industry of the district, viz., basket-making. Let us turn in to the primitive workshop and watch the full-bearded father and son—the latter the churchwarden of the village—at their work. They rejoice in the not very euphonious designation of "swillers," the "swill" being the local name for the strong, shallow baskets which they manufacture, used for coaling steamers and for agricultural and other purposes.

Swills are made almost always of oak, which has the reputation of being one of the strongest of woods, though in reality "wythe," a species of willow, is much stronger; but possibly owing to this wood and its powers of endurance

being generally unknown baskets made of it are not in great demand. Swills are of various sizes, ranging from sixteen to thirty-six inches in length: the twenty-inch basket is made in largest quantities, and a good workman can make seven twenty-inch baskets in a day.

The rim is made of stout hazel or ash bent into an oval shape in a frame; the body of the swill is formed of oak split into thin laths, which are bound round the rim of the basket and laced backwards and forwards. This part of the work usually falls to the lot of the younger man, whilst the father also looks after the preparation of the oak which requires first to be steeped in cold water, then boiled in iron tanks for some hours, whilst after this it is split by hand into narrow strips. This part of the process is however, only performed once a week, as enough laths can be prepared and split in a day to last the remainder of the week. A stock of wood is bought in the summer ready barked.

E. ROSCOE: *The Industries of the English Lake District*
(The English Illustrated Magazine, 1883-1884).

RURAL EDUCATION

THE agricultural labourer, with his knowledge of and often tender sympathy with animal life, his watchings of the seasons, his weather lore, his skill, his beautiful skill, in building or thatching the rick, his power to drive a straight line with the plough, his ability by wise, almost ruthless, severity to fortify the quickset hedge, is a better-educated man, even though he left the schoolroom at thirteen, than many a clerk who suffered complete immersion in a secondary school course, and, satisfied with the benefits of his baptism, has since then only become a little more skilled in figures and filing.

W. W. VAUGHAN: *The Warp and the Woof in Education* (British Association Report, 1925).

